

EDINBURGH:
SATIRICAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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Lately published,
By the same Author,
LONDON; or, A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.
The Third Edition, 3 vols. 21s.

EDINBURGH:

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LONDON; OR, A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.

———le seul honneur solide
C'est de prendre toujours la verité pour guide.

SATIRES DE BOILEAU.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

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1820.

P R E F A C E.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blest.

POPE.

HAVING travelled over the north of Europe, with a diseased mind and eye, (for I was flying from myself—disappointed in love, and fast dissipating my fortune) I resolved to visit Scotland. I had heard a great deal of the hospitality of the Highlanders : I well knew that the inhabitants of the mountains have ever been faithful, patient, and enduring, under hardships, and bold and intrepid in the field:—that wherever the pibroch and the clan slogan were heard—wherever the martial banner of the north was unfurled, it was “laurell’d in pride.” I resolved, therefore, to contemplate this primitive people more nearly, and then ~~to~~ proceed to Edinburgh, which

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I had been led to think was the centre of science, of industry, and of literature.

Scotland had many attractions for me. It had given birth to a William Wallace, that champion of freedom : it had nursed in its bosom the immortal Thomson, and the original and matchless Burns—that soul of poetical and of universal liberty, that unrestrained spirit which soared above the fetters of dependence, and scorned all limit to the mind of genius, and the expanding heart of generosity—to him, who, to use his own words,

Wanders as free as the winds of his mountains.

It had produced the truly pastoral Allan Ramsay, the sublime Campbell, the mellifluous Walter Scott, and many other men of transcendent genius.

With the names of these celebrated men in my head, I set sail from Got-

tenburgh; having visited a country, which, I confess, interested me in no shape whatever. I now thought of becoming a tourist, and of publishing my observations in the north, interspersed with historical, geographical, statistical, agricultural, mineralogical, physical, political, poetical, and whimsical remarks. How many a blockhead, said I to myself, fancies himself into a traveller, looks sapient at his fellow-creatures, and conceives that he is a rare judge of mankind,—that he can read another man's history in the irregularity of his eye-brow, or in the curl of his nose; and whilst he is curiously looking for the seat of the passions, loses what is much more essential to him in his tour, namely, his seat in the stage coach! How many, whilst they are Lavaterising and Spurzheiming it, whilst they are examining whether their butcher have the organ of destructiveness, whe-

ther their carpenter or builder possess the organ of constructiveness, whether their lawyer have the organ of covetousness, their mistress that of devotion, and their apothecary the organ of causality, let slip the commonest occurrences, and lose the most favourable opportunities of reading the living book of man, by mixing with him freely and kindly in society.

These considerations determined me not to affect eccentricity, not to amplify nothings into importance, not to dissect a mole, whilst another man ascended a mountain, to be in short a plain man, as other men are, to give up tour writing, and to convert my diary into a simple narrative of truths, entitled a Novel, in order to make it more welcome to many of my readers.

EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage from Gottenburg to Orkney.—The Fears of a Jew for his Life and Property.—Agreeable Companions in a Ship.—A German.—An Oxonian.—The Rage for punning.—Landing in Orkney.—The Jew's Cupidity.—The Party proceeds, with the exception of the Jew and the German, to the Hebrides; thence to the Lakes; and lastly to Edinburgh.—First bad Impression.—Mr. Wilkes's Remarks.—Explanatory Matter.

EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful ; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour ;
But our's is fathomless, and hath no shore.—

LORD BYRON.

I MIGHT tell my reader that I was in love, and was running through my fortune. It is true. But I shall trouble him no further with details. Having now given up the idea of being a tourist, which I had formerly thought so much of, that, to use the words which Buonaparte is

made to utter, (in the manuscrit venu d'une manière inconnue) "*Je me vis dans l'histoire,*" I resolved on sailing direct to the Hebrides; and I was determined not to imitate my great and splenetic predecessor, Dr. Johnson, but to be pleased with every thing.

We set sail accordingly. Our ship's company, or rather the company in the ship, consisted of a young gentleman and his private tutor, a German officer, a Jew merchant, and myself. Our passage was long and rough, and our provisions fell short,—three great disappointments; for I confess that, like many travellers, I had still more appetite than taste, and I candidly avow,

that I had sufficient of John Bull in me to turn a little sulky as my hunger increased.

I got out of temper with our skipper, swore that he sailed without chart or compass, that he knew nothing of the coast of Scotland, that he was wrong in the course which he was steering; and I had worked my imagination up to making myself believe that I was fit to teach him navigation and the lunars.

The German officer had done nothing but smoke the whole time: he spoke English very ill; and he confined himself to the worst part of the language, namely, to swearing. Every thing was

tam pad, tam nonsince, tam stoff, tam stubid kaptan, tam pad find, tam long shorney, et cetera. Then he slept a great part of the time, and nearly smoked out all the rest; and I perceived that when the provisions were out, he hid himself, in order to eat some of his own which he had concealed, and which he would not difide (as he called it) mit nopoty.

It came on now to blow great guns, and the poor Jew, who ate, drank, and slept, upon his boxes, like Boniface upon his ale, began to get dreadfully sick, and still more dreadfully alarmed. "Do you tink dat di sip be shee-vorty?" cried he in an agony to me. "I hope so," replied I. "Mind, if me be

wreck," said he to the captain, "you shave my pox; 'tis my all; dere be much trinket, and faluable paper derein. Oh! I do tink I will be drown, and nopoty shall come to help me. Oh! my poor property! Ven shall vi shee land?" Here he grew sicker and sicker, whilst the sea ran mountains high.

The tutor hid himself in the bed clothes, evidently under great apprehension, but ashamed to show it. I was by no means at my ease. The captain was drunk. But the young Oxonian was as gay and as thoughtless as a lark; and such a desperate rattle and punster, that it made one laugh in spite of one's teeth. In the midst of the storm he began to whistle

and sing. "You are very merry," said I; "but I should feel a little more comfortable if we had something to eat." "Not at all," said he: "it's no song no supper here: besides, fasting is a fine thing for the voice, ergo—*cantabit vacuus*." (A long whistle.)

"There you go, old *Puffendorf*! I say, which is the strong box—in case you should go overboard, that I may plunder a bit?" "Pray don't vistle," said the Jew. "Vistle! I vish you did no worse, old Barba-rossa (the Jew had a red beard): why may'nt I vistle?"

'Whistled as he went for want of thought,' the poet says. Come, bear up, old chap: you'll not go to the old one before your time." "You have hart

more barbarous nor an Arab," cried the Jew, "thus to mock a man's distress—Dere den again! vat crack dat vay—I do pelieve the sip go to piece." "Aye, four foot water in the hold," cried the rattle-brained Oxonian. "It's all over with you, Mosey, to a dead certainty: but I say can you swim?" "Swim! not a bit," said the Jew. "I swim like a stone, and I shall be perish, I mosh fear. Oh! my poor littel property will all go."

"If I can swim, and save your old corpus and de shtrong box for you, what will you give me when we land, thou son of Israel?" "I shall lend you what you please, vitout no interest at all," answered Moses. "What

all free, gratis, for nothing?" resumed the Oxonian: "that's fine! Well then I'll go on deck and see if we can discover land: by the bye, it don't blow quite so hard: here goes."—He returned. "Tear shure, vat you shee?" anxiously exclaimed Moses.

"Cælum undique, et undique pontus," replied the young classic:—about as much land as you would have conscience if you were lending out your money to the best bidder." "Oh! my poor trunk!" cried the Jew. "Which trunk do you mean?" asked young Racket: "is it that corpus of your's, or your second self, the shtrongbox? At all events, you'll both be cast away, and it will be *olim truncus eram*: neither will be worth a curse very shortly. I'll take

good care to get the strong box, and to make it a "ficulus inutile lignum." "Oh! what shall I do to be shayed?" bellowed out the Israelite. "Sit shtill, der teyfle, and be tam to you," said the German in a surly tone.

The captain now came down, and announced land in sight; at the same time adding, that the wind was in their teeth, and that they might be twenty-four hours more at sea. "Be dere no danger?" enquired Mosey. "None atall." We now got out some corn brandy, (which, our Oxonian observed, went against the grain to drink) and a maggoty biscuit. "This is a lively repast," said he again. Then bolting another bumper of the corn brandy, "barbarus has segetes!" cried he with

a smile, turning to his tutor. "Quo modo pulvis? old orthodox." "Sic sic," cried the reverend." "A plagiarism, a detected plagiarism!" roared out mad-brains: "he has stolen my old pun from me; but I suppose he deals in second-hand stuff out of compliment to the Jew."

Here a breeze sprung up in our favor, and we neared land every minute. It was resolved to land in the Orkneys, and then to hire a vessel, when the weather became finer, and to visit the Hebrides; leaving Meinher Hardten-abpfle, the skipper, Captain Vondunderbottom, the German officer, and Moses Isacar, the Jew, to proceed to Leith, their destination, after taking in provisions, et cetera.

We landed. Young Racket asked me my name. I told him John Bull. as I wished to travel in cog. "Ah. ah!" cried he, "we've a comical crew. *Bos, fur* (pointing to the Jew), *sus* (pointing to the German) *atque sacerdos* (tapping his tutor on the shoulder). He then informed me that he was just out of leading-strings; that he had just finished his classical education; and was just of age; but that he had taken the doctor with him on his travels as a bear-leader—a pretty name for himself and friend!

The tutor here found his tongue, and informed me that his friend was the best fellar in the world if he would not let off his puns, as others let off squibs

and fire-works; that the scintillations of his wit were bright and quick, but that he over-did the thing. "Would you believe," said he to me, "that he would go a mile to make a pun? He drowned his dog in the Tiber, merely to make a punning epitaph upon him. The poor thing was afraid of the water; but he threw him in, and the dog never reached the shore again. 'This epitaph was—' *Cur timuit flavam Tiberim.*' This I think beats the pointer's epitaph in Smollett's works—' *Deerant littora Ponto.*'"

Here I interfered, and told him plainly that I was pun sick; and in order to give a cheerful turn to my remark, I gave him three shillings, to re-

turn me one shilling for every pun which he made until we got to Edinburgh ; for we had agreed to visit the Hebrides together, to land again at Oban, to see Inverary and the lakes, and to separate at Edinburgh, whence the reverend and his pupil were to proceed to London, where I meant to winter. He agreed to the bargain, requesting a parting pun, and assuring me that I should not be punished by his puny wit any more. We all sat down in the best possible spirits to dinner ; and we proceeded the next day with a fine autumnal sky to the Hebrides.

Our young buck asked the Jew just before parting for the loan of a hundred, in fun. “ True,” said Moses, “ I

did promish you, but then we say noting about the shecurity." "A sea-cure to you," cried Rattle; "and I hope that you'll meet with another storm in your passage to Leith, and that you'll have no other provision but salt pork for six weeks." I claimed a shilling for the first bad pup, and we embarked in high spirits.

I have promised not to be a tourist, nor tip my reader the traveller; so that I shall not detain him with us at the beautiful ruins of Iona, nor at Shuna, where our punster lost another shilling, by asking his tutor if he wanted a fair *Shunanite*, nor at Jura, nor at Ila, nor finally at St. Kilda; nor will I pester him by my sentimentalizing in the

woods of Inverary, although I did so, nor with my pouring out my soul in admiration at the lakes, nor with my quitting the west and proceeding to the north highlands, with my admiration thereof, nor with any thing, until I crossed the ferry at Kinghorn, and came on shore at Leith, where I won another shilling of the Oxonian, who, on seeing the Edinburgh bucks standing to view our landing, turned to me and observed : “ Stant littore *puppæ*,” (i. e.) *puppies*.

The scene from the pier of Leith is beautiful. The autumn, in Scotland, is a golden season. We had the clearest and finest sky I almost ever beheld ; the sun bespangled every object on the opposite shore of Fife ; and numerous

shipping were in Leith harbour, whilst a stately man of war appeared in the roads, spreading its white bosom to the gale.

And white from farre appears the frequent sail,
By traffic spread. Moor'd where the land
divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
And over the green wave with lordly port pre-
sides.

MICKLE.

We dined at Leith; and I ordered a hackney coach to carry me to Oman's hotel; but as the clergyman and his friend had to go to Professor Stuart's, a man of great abilities in the Canon-gate, we drove up the eastern road, and had to go through the very worst part of Edinburgh. "This is a *sweet* place," cried our young rattle ironically. Here

the story of Mr. Wilkes was brought up, who, upon being asked what he thought of the fine view of Edinburgh, replied, (to a Scotchman) that he believed it was very fine, but that when he was there a strong north-east wind was in his face, bringing with it such an effluvia, that he was obliged to hold his handkerchief to his face the whole time, and therefore lost the prospect entirely.

The ensuing day the reverend and his pupil called upon me; and we went to view the curiosities of Edinburgh. I was invited in the evening to a party of literati, at the house of a retired professor. I promised myself much pleasure, in which I was not dis-

appointed, as I there met with all the men of letters in Edinburgh. Amongst these was the very worthy and very virtuous Lord Urbane, whose *noctes atticæ* and *conversazione* were formed by all the elite of Edinburgh, whose entertainments presented

“ The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,” and who, with his usual urbanity, invited me to one of his parties the succeeding night.

As, at the professor's, I met with the most celebrated men of the three professions, law, physic, and divinity, I shall give a full account of them: I shall also proceed with a narrative of events, of characters, of adventures, and of high life in the *microcosm*

which the northern metropolis offers, but which is not without its high interest, its contending passions, its intrigues, its jarring interests, its nationalities, and, above all, its peculiarities. Those who have moved in this scene will see that the picture is faithfully drawn: those who have not will find something to learn, something to amuse them. Soon I shall no longer be

“The little hero of the tale.”

But now for a short outline of Edina, the great Caledonian city.

CHAPTER II.

**A Party of Literati.—Lord Urbane.—
Conversation on Poetry and on Literary
Subjects.—The Young Oxonian taking
the lead.—Specimens of bad Poetry.—
The Party disperses.—A Student.**

CHAPTER II.

Their groves of sweet myrtle, let foreign lands
reckon,

Where bright beaming summers exhale the
perfume ;

Far dearer to me yon lone glen o'green bracken,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom ;

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly un-
seen,

BURNS.

So thought the genuine poet and patriot Burns, and so thinks every Scotchman, for every Scotchman is a patriot at heart. So thinks the Edinburger of his city, of which he is fully as proud as the Frenchman who says, "*Il n'y a qu'un Paris.*"

The situation of Edinburgh is certainly beautiful : it has localities of the greatest value ; its buildings are fine ; and its new town is elegant, and, for the most part, correctly built. It is my intention to speak not only of the city, but of its inhabitants, with the most perfect impartiality ; neither allowing criticism to plunge me into the one excess, nor the remembrance of many happy days, and as many valued friends in the north, to lead me into the other. I shall certainly not let fond recollections of personal kindness, nor partial feeling to individual worth, prevent me from describing the dissipation and folly of the town. I shall shew the vices of Edinburgh, not as a parallel, but as a contrast to those of London ; nor shall

I omit a portrait or a character because the original was my friend or acquaintance. I consider that every writer ought to look upon the world as his country, and truth as his guide through it.

But now for the professor's. We assembled about nine o'clock in the evening. The number of black coats gave a very sombre appearance to the party; and a good deal of stiffness and formality prevailed at first, but the conversation became afterwards more animated and instructive. "Who are all these black cattle?" said my young friend, in a half whisper, to his tutor: "what Plebs!" "They are all men of merit and of genius," replied the re-

verend. "I thought so," said he, "by their poor appearance, and by their antiquated habits. I presume that there are no tailors in Edinburgh, and that the undertakers have fitted these gentlemen. They, however, are the workmen after all: by Jove, this is deadly dull." The servant here announced Major Paul, "*Paulo Majora canamus* — Horace, hem," exclaimed the Juvenis. The major was a grey-headed veteran, and a *savant*. "Another humbug!" said he again, yawning.

We were now in the midst of professors, of physicians, and of metaphysicians, of authors, and of other grave and great men. I began to consider myself a perfect cypher, and was pre-

pared to reply by monosyllables, and to listen attentively. Lord Urbane was announced. He entered with a quick and irregular step; he looked on the right and on the left for approvers; he raised his spectacles from his nose, smiled, looked consequential, and then joined the circle. The standers-by opened to the right and left to receive him—the Scotch have a vast respect for a lord. Moreover, he appeared to be popular; and from his exterior announced a good heart, much reading, but greater eccentricity, and some confusion of mind.

I have already observed that I was resolved to listen, and to sport my opinions very modestly. Not so, however,

with the young man : he dashed boldly into the circle, and mixed in the general conversation ; giving his sentiments with as much ease, confidence, and volubility of speech, as if he had been a Cicero or a Demosthenes. The conversation turned upon eloquence, upon poetry, upon painting, and upon authors in general. Lord Urbane took the lead ; and (looking round, and raising up the spectacles again) said, “ It is a fine remark of Sir William Temple, That in poetry are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of painting. But as poetry only differs from eloquence, inasmuch as it paints with enthusiasm, we rather chuse to say that poetry borrows its harmony from music, its passion from painting, its

force and justness from philosophy." Having concluded this sentence, he looked round for applause, and a score of bystanders uttered together, "admirable," "just so," "vara gude," "vara true, indecd, my lord," laying an emphasis on the word lord, and elongating it, as if to lend it all possible extent and importance.

He continued—"The poets usually make use of two sorts of painting, similes and descriptions. Similes ought to be just and bold, whilst descriptions should be minute and striking. An author should not raise the mind too much above the subject by extravagant metaphors, nor perplex it by too great a crowd of images." "True," said young

Scatterbrain : “ the mind and the eye must both be filled ; and, therefore, one bold object in description, whether prosaic or poetical, whether represented by the pen of the author, or by the pencil of the painter, engrosses the mind, and excites its admiration more than a thousand detailed beauties multiplied and repeated too rapidly or too tamely : So also does the moon-beam, sleeping on a bed of violets, fill and enchant the eye more than the detail of a rich garden, filled with ten thousand varied beauties, which divert the eye from object to object, without arresting the attention sufficiently to make it repose on one.”

Here the aged *savans*, and the beard-

ed professors, the sententious lecturers, and the other *têtes à peruque*, looked astounded : they seemed as if an usurper had appeared in the republic of letters : each looked on other —— “ none the silence broke ;” till Lord Urbane, with a kindly look of affability, put out his hand to the young man, and good-naturedly said, “ Young gentleman, what you say is very true, and very prettily expressed.” Then, shaking him heartily by the hand, added, “ we shall, I hope, be better acquainted; and (taking out his card, continued) Lady Urbane will be very happy to see you to-morrow night at her party, where the gay may be gay, whilst the grave may be grave—where, in one corner, you will hear of nothing but spades and clubs—” Here

Volatile interrupted him—"I hope there will be some hearts also ; for '*Il n'y a pas de fete ou le cœur n'y est pas.*'"

"Admirably good !" cried the peer ; (then, in continuance) "and, in another corner, you will listen to a sage philosopher, to a learned historian, or to some eloquent orator."

As Lord Urbane had praised the young man, every voice now echoed "admirable !" "a wit !" "a genius !" "Neither," replied the young man ; "but," turning to Lord Urbane on his right hand, and to Professor L—— on his left, "something between both."


"Polite and pretty !" cried the peer, looking significantly at a learned physician ; and now every hand was out to

encourage and to commend my young friend.

Major Paul spoke in his turn. "The following quotation," said he, "from a French author, appears to me to be just and perspicuous : '*La Poesie tire sa force et sa justesse de la Philosophie, car il faut que l'ame soit dans un mouvement presque continuel, pour inventer, pour passionner, pour imiter, et en même temps dans une tranquillité parfaite, pour juger en produisant, et choisir, entre mille pensées qui se présentent, celle qui convient.*'" "Just so with painting," added our Juvenis. "Glowing colours and striking figures merely dazzle, whilst the faithful representation of nature, and particularly of the passions

of the mind, should make the canvass breathe, for which reason Horace tells us ‘*Ut pictura, poesis erit ;*’ for to paint is not only to describe things, but they ought to be portrayed in so lively and affecting a manner, that we may imagine that we see and feel them.” “Excellent!” said the peer. “*Vara gude,*” was here sung in chorus by sixteen of his cousins : so that the applause became a perfect family concern.

The doctors and professors now *prisent la parole*. Lavish praise was bestowed on Scottish poets, and on Scottish writers ; when one of them, addressing himself to our young friend, with the assumption of condescension,



said, "Doubtless you have read oor poets, Walter Scott, Burns, Campbell, Ramsay, and others?" "Oh, yes:" "And you are delighted with them?" "Certainly; yet I am sorry to say that Walter Scott has turned out of his hands some very faulty poetry, as has Dryden, Southey, and Coleridge, amongst English authors. These gentlemen, doubtless, from either precipitancy in publishing, or partiality in indorsing themselves, have written many
have severely

selves, which proves that Ovid was right when he says that

‘ — Non prosunt domino

‘ Quæ prosunt omnibus artes.’

Here marked approbation was testified, but with a reserve for his strictures on Walter Scott.

As an off-set for what had been said against harmonious Walter, Moore was treated as a loose, immoral, and enervated writer. The Oxonian supported Moore

The party now prepared to depart. I had got acquainted at this meeting of literati with a student who appeared very intelligent, and who consented to accompany me home to supper, and to tell me the names and characters of all the company. Our young Oxonian also accompanied us home, of whose abilities I began to think very differently to what I had done during our voyage. I now perceived great versatility of talent, obscured by volatility and conceit ; great natural parts perverted by joking and punning, and ringing the changes upon whimsical nothings. “ Come,” said he to me, “ I am glad you have invited the student : he will tell us a great deal. I dare say he knows as much as these


grave doctors; and why should he not?
Betwixt a student and a doctor there is
but a degree.

CHAPTER III.

The Student describes the Company, consisting of twenty-four Characters, at the Head of which is Lord Urbane.—These Portraits are interspersed with various Anecdotes, and are divided into two Conversations.

CHAPTER III.

“ *Onne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*”



WE had spent a dry but interesting evening ; for I have abridged the conversation, which was purely literary. Many of the black-coated gentlemen made sensible observations, and conversed learnedly on the subject of science. We had now come to the festive board, which was greatly cgayè by the young Oxonian. After supper the young student was to amuse us with an account of the company ; and we were now about to relax from the grave to the gay.

Our young friend proposed that we should give a round of beauties, who were *nos amies du cœur*, to be drank by their Christian names only. He gave the rose, with the remark that it was the flower of love, and deserved to be worn in the bosom on that account. I gave Maria, and thought in silence of her who was cloistered in Germany, past my reach, and of whom it might be said most justly :

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light !
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity !

MOORE.

But I must abstain from digressions.

I have promised not to talk of self, nor to be a tourist; and I will keep my promise. Peace to the fair object for whom these lines are quoted, and who dwells in sacred retirement—

“——far from the gay resorts of men.”

The reverend and the student gave Sophia and Elizabeth : they were drunk with enthusiasm, and a moment of silent respect; the Oxonian remarking that

No eye shall mark
The sacred spark,
No tongue profane the rapture,
The vital flame,
Too dear to name,
In folly's heedless chapter.

MORRIS.

After a few glasses of wine, and a

score or two of puns, our new acquaintance began to inform us who the company were in whose society we had passed our evening, and to give us the private anecdotes respecting them, which follow. The first was the worthy, the eccentric, the spectacled Lord Urbane.

LORD URBANE. . . .

The Earl of Urbane, well known for his eccentricity, is still more renowned for his justice, his patriotism, the goodness of his heart, and his exertions in the cause of Caledonian literature. Scotland is indebted to him for handing down to posterity the life of the virtuous

and illustrious Napier, for instituting an annual festive commemoration of the poet Thomson, for patronage and encouragement bestowed on a Pinkerton, a Tytler, the translator of Callimachus, on Burns, the immortal Scottish bard, and on many others ; and for his being ever ready to assert the rights, and to forward the interests of his country ; but, more than every thing, Scotland is indebted to him for the following circumstance, which does infinite honor to his feelings, to becoming family pride, and to a just jealousy for the honor of the peerage.

The king's ministers had long been in the habit of sending, on every fresh election of a peer to represent the nobi-

lity of Scotland in the Upper House, a list containing the names of sixteen fellow-peers, for whom he was required to give his vote. This fettering of opinion, this humiliating dictation, this degrading insult, had been submitted to, and had grown into a custom, which the proudest names, and the descendants of the most illustrious houses, had tamely allowed, and had thus given their necks to the shameful yoke imposed upon them by the existing administration. But, when Lord Urbane came to the peerage, he displayed a truly baronial spirit, a courage worthy of the heroes of the mountain, of the genuine and chivalrous sons of Caledonia: he openly and loudly declared, at the earliest period of his inheriting his title,

that he would oblige the secretary of state, who should thus dare to fix an insult of this nature on his name, to wash off the stain with his blood. From that time the practice has been discontinued ; and, although the influence and interference of government still exist, a less offensive mode of manœuvring has been resorted to, respecting the Scottish representation in parliament.

The present earl has no male heirs ; and, in consequence, the succession to the title goes in the family of his brother. We regret to add, that the splendid talent and ancient title of the house has now a chance of devolving either on the puny rushlight of an embryo

peer, or the drinking dragoon, who is the next heir. *Quantum mutati!*

The sketch of this excellent character led naturally to one of his late excellent brother, and also to one of the late Lord R.

MR. URBANE.

The Honorable Henry Urbane is, as well as his two brothers, the Earl of Urbane, and Lord T. Urbane, a decided whig; but he has a heart full of purity of principle, of unshaken patriotism, of public and private virtue, of the most ardent zeal for his country's good, and for the honor of the profession of

which he, and his brother, Lord Urbane, are the greatest ornament and pride. Eloquent, learned, and full of the quickest and most brilliant wit at the bar, he is not less the delight and amusement of every private circle in which he moves. Full of legal lore, he has none of that encumbering consequence, that dogmatical deportment, that heavy and imposing importance, of many of his brethren of the long robe, who throw the jurisprudential mantle, or the doctorial cloak, over every thing in public and private life, and of whom it may be fairly said, “that nothing can be such an impediment to science as the men who are teaching it:” on the contrary, Mr. Urbane was elegant, impressive, and instructive at the bar,

whilst he shewed nothing short of playful vivacity in the drawing-room, or at table; and, though a firm defender of the liberties and of the dearest birth-right of the people, he has none of the offensive rudeness or the harsh severity of a stern republican.

Alike suited for his public capacity, and for the amiabilities and elegancies of more private scenes of life, he, doubtless, had Cicero in view in the formation of his education, and in the future pursuits of his riper years; for, as whilst this senator studied under Plato the academic, and Diodorus the stoic, he constantly conversed with Lælia Mucia, and the two Liciniæ; one the wife of L. Scipio, and the other of the

younger Marius, both of which ladies excelled in the purity of their language, and in the elegance of their manners; so, whilst Mr. U. delighted and convinced at the bar, his company was sought for with the utmost avidity in the very highest and most polished assemblies. His retirement from public life must ever be deeply regretted, although necessary to his ease and comfort, and thrice due to his able and op-erose exertions. Long ere he retired did he say,

“O rus! quando te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
“Dulcere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?”

He now passes his time, for the most part, at a sweet spot, smiling in the centre of gloom and barrenness, and not very dissimilar from his own *figure*

riante, giving a relief to the sombre appearance of his brethren on the bench.

A list of *urbaniana*, in the way of wit, repartecè, and unoffending joke, however seasoned with attic salt, would be endless ; but the following will serve as a slight sample. Having met one day, on the pier at Leith, Jemmy Balfour, a brother barrister, whose affected and bombastical pleadings were well known, he perceived a handkerchief tied round his leg ; and, upon inquiring the cause, was informed, that, on climbing over a gate, in his brother's grounds in Fife-shire, he had raised the skin on his shin bone. Mr. U. observed, “ My dear Jemmy, you may thank your lucky stars that your brother's gate

was not as lofty as your own style, otherwise you must have broken your neck." Being, on another occasion, at Angelo's riding-school, he saw there a consequential coxcomb, who boasted of having rode, at the academy of Angers, where he was educated, at the *manège* of the king of France, and at the riding-houses of the kings of Spain and Sardinia, the very finest and most fiery horses of all countries. This braggart at last mounted a pillar horse, and being precipitated in a moment from his seat, Mr. Urbane thus addressed the gentleman : " Sir, I hope you are not hurt ; but, although I have not the least doubt of all that you have said, yet you must allow that you have fallen off in your riding."

THE LATE LORD R——.

Lord R——, a law lord, was of a very different stamp from his *par-nobilis frater*, Lord Ar——le, being a man of great talent and extensive intellect, and very firm and consistent, although too violent in his politics. The bottle and cards, however, were his idols, and by the one he undermined his health, whilst by the other he consumed and lost his time. His heart was very warm, and his nature very honest, which the profession he embraced never shook. His sociability and hospitality were proverbial; and no man was fitter for a sitting magistrate, for he would outsit any man.

One day, having invited a gentleman to his hospitable roof, and treated him generously, plying him at the same time with plenty of wine, the guest, about midnight, proposed moving; but the worthy and convivial judge stopped him another hour. At one—a second move. A few select toasts and pleasant anecdotes carried them on until two; when his friend again rose, and insisted upon going. The judge allowed him to depart; but, on his leaving the room, said to a good bottle companion by the side of him, “What a fidgetty, unsettled deevil that fellow is; he canna stop a moment in a place: I’ll no ask him again.”

On another occasion, meeting Doctor

Gr——y, a very abstemious man, who used to chide his lordship for his intemperance, Lord R—— pressed him hard to dine with him, to which the doctor replied, “ I would as lief dine with the devil.” “ Then gang to hell,” cried Lord R——, laughing ; and so left the doctor.

Many are the merry stories told about him ; and whilst we regret his failing, and the loss of a worthy and able man, we must condole with his friends in general, and with the festive circle in particular, since

“ That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charmed the public ear, is heard no more.”

SIR JOHN MERINO.

Whatever be Sir John's abilities as an author, or as a man of letters; however consistent or inconsistent his politics may appear; and however blameable or praiseworthy may be considered his ambition of perpetuating his name—no one can doubt his patriotism; no misrepresentation can sully or even alter his merit for industry, nor his pure motives for devoting his time, his interest, his resources, and his purse, to the benefit of his country; nor can his loyalty be called in question in any instance of his life. In peace, he was the laborious agriculturist; and in war,

he drew his sword, and called out his dependants, and all those whom his patronage or property could command, in defence of his king and country.

His statistical account has very great merit ; and the pains bestowed in collecting, informing; and in compiling it, reflect the greatest credit on the baronet. He perhaps had done well had he written nothing else, as he would thereby have escaped the illiberal and merciless dissection of the Edinburgh reviewers, who not only cut him up in detail, but, not content with this cruel and barbarous treatment, hung up his skeleton, coarsely anatomized, for the ridicule and laughter of beardless puppies and demi-lettered students. The book

thus laughed at was a work of Sir John's, which certainly had the bad qualities of triviality, prolixity, and want of interest; and, could the efforts of the Edinburgh inquisitors perpetuate a work in good or evil fame, they have certainly procured for it the longevity of contempt: but these gentlemen are not so omnipotent as they would be thought; and the best countrymen of the baronet, whilst they undervalue the work, still exceedingly esteem the motives which induced him to write it.

Zeal has marked every action of this author. Being a true Scotchman at heart, Sir John was anxious for preserving the ancient costume, manners,

and customs of his country ; and, accordingly, he clad the regiment which he raised, in the entire “ garb of old Gaul, baring the kilt, which he asserts was of more modern introduction. The dress thus adopted is certainly more decorous ; but we believe that the naked truth is at variance with this statement. At the same time we give Sir John credit for not allowing his men to be *sans culottes* during a war where the cause of royalty was at stake ; and, whatever garb these steady highlanders might wear, he well knew that their unimpaired fidelity might be implicitly relied on. Sir John gives us, as an authority for the dress of his corps, the following lines, extracted from a popular Scots ballad.

“ In days when our King Robert rang,
“ His *trews* they cost but ha’f-a-crown,
“ He said they were a grot ou’r dear,
“ And ca’d the taylor thief and loun.”

We shall sink here the irrelevancy of the illustration—from a lowland king to a highland clown, and only remark that this specimen will, at all events, give a strong example of the improvement in the country ; and there cannot remain the shadow of a doubt but that the baronet in every act of his public life has been actuated by the most praiseworthy motive of *amor patriæ* ; to the indulging of which he has sacrificed his own ease and comfort, encumbered himself considerably, and made himself liable to the illiberal ridicule and unjust censure of those, who, giving no credit

to personal merit, are ever on the alert for some tool whereon to whet the malicious edge of their satire.

WALTER JOKEBY.

This celebrated character began life as a limb of the law ; and therefore it is no great wonder that he did not make his way so rapidly as many of the confraternity whom he followed, *non passibus equis*. Thus, should even the reviewers attempt to write a biographical description of this part of his career, it will be but a lame account.

From this stage of his journey through life, we saw him mounted, not upon Pegasus, but upon a baddish nag, “caparisoned and belted for warrior deed,” as a light horse volunteer in the Edinburgh cavalry, which, from being mostly composed of lawyers, was very much dreaded in a *charge* by all corps, foreign and domestic. Here the bard, we can assure our readers, was rather ridiculous than otherwise.

Soon after, however, he tuned his border lyre with such harmony, and so faithfully gave the pedigree and achievements of his countrymen, omitting nothing in the descriptive—town, castle, and hamlet; glen, forest, and *cleuch*; arms, quarterings, and alliances, even

down to the sixty-third cousinship, that he got on a good footing with all the nobility and gentry of the country. When his works, moreover, began to sell well, a number of individuals, who had forgotten his existence, claimed kindred with this deservedly admired poet and family historian; and, from the “lord lion king at arms” downwards, all were happy to seek his acquaintance, and to figure in his verse.

In appearance heavy, in manner simple, in conversation rather somniferous, we never recollect his making an attempt at wit but once, and that was when he described himself as passing the night in drinking Madeira and water with Mr. K—— the actor; the cluci-

dation he gave of which was, that the actor drank the Madeira, and the poet quaffed the water: nor do we ever remember any act of affectation in his deportment, save only his blubbering so loud at Mrs. S——'s representation of Lady Randolph, that the noise was mistaken for a child under the phlebotomist's hand.

In domestic life he is exemplary and estimable; and in his line of poetry unequalled, though not unimitated; for we have seen some faithful followers in the walk of parody tread closely on his steps. His prosaic productions, however, are rather prosing; and the best compliment we could pay the bard would be to deny that they were his.

At all events, a strong doubt has arisen on this head, and suspicion glances at an exiled Corydon, whose works, it is alleged, are finished off, and the press thereof corrected by this popular poet, whose memory will be cherished as long as the border ballad, and the minstrel lay, have charms to tickle the ear of fashion, and to perpetuate Scottish fame.

Ere we take leave of the bard, whose style we truly admire, we have presumed to give a humble imitation thereof.

THE EDINBURGH VOLUNTEER.

Watty the brave came down the glen,
His helmet was deck'd with a poet's pen :

Full proudly he rode on his berry-brown steed,
A lawyer, who look'd like a warrior indeed :
For well the bright helmet his brows became,
Though the bard and the palfry were both of
 them lame ;
And many a hero of border clan
Might have ta'en Watty J— for a fighting man.

LORD E-

Whilst many of our nobility spend a considerable portion of their lives in the stable, and dedicate their time and fortune to horse-racing, and gaming of every description, or to the unintellectual pleasures of the field, Lord E.'s pursuits have been of a nature truly worthy of a man of high birth ; and he

has, in all his situations, public and private, judiciously mingled the *utile cum dulci*. Well-bred, and elegant in his manners, his deportment, both abroad and at home, has been worthy of his rank ; and, in his embassy to the Sublime Porte, he maintained that splendor, which was well suited to the great nation which he was sent to represent.

To his exertions we owe the possession of some beautiful monuments of ancient Greece, the spoils of the temple of Minerva, from the Acropolis, and the marble seat of the Prytaneum, bas-reliefs belonging to a temple of Victory, which were intended to celebrate the

achievements of the Greeks over the Persians, with many other valuable morceaux of ancient art. His lordship, during his useful researches abroad, and his patriotic endeavours to enrich his native land, by the acquisition of a beautiful and select collection of marbles, et cetera, was not less famous for displaying the taste of an amateur in his devotion to the fair.

To busts and portraits, accordingly, bas-reliefs and statues, Lord E. did not confine his choice, but, pleased to contemplate the fairest works of nature, he has extensively indulged his fancy; from the cold climate of his native land, to the more amatory regions of the south, and to the burning sands of

the desert. The representations of Venus which have been in his possession are many.

But, whilst we record these shades, and trifling imperfections of the picture, we cannot forget what his country owes to him as a patriot, and a nobleman of taste and science; and, whilst other men of rank have nothing to record but their follies, Lord E. may truly say, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

MR. C- - - -K.

This eminent lawyer, who is moreover a man of good family, is, by the

Edinburgers, called John C—k, and this is pronounced Joan C—k. Justice, which is described by the poet, the painter, and sculptor, as blind, is also, in the instance of this gentleman of the long robe, lame; and Mr. C—k goes halting, and snarling, through the court in a most repulsive manner.

Tinged deeply with democracy, John has a kind of cynical sneer, which looks like ill-nature detecting a smile upon his countenance, or, rather, is a satisfied grin, if he can say or do any thing severe, any thing to inculcate administration, any thing to involve leading men and measures in disgrace.

John's is a true Scotch countenance

but of the lowland kind : there is nothing of the generous, rough, magnanimous mountaineer ; all is cunning, design, practised brow-beating, and presumptuous talent ; still, however, imprinted with Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm's line of prudence, features of cold and distant observation of mankind, as if every brother—every fellow-man were an enemy, on whom reprisals were to be made. He looks as if the blood had retreated from the extremities to the centre, lest, by an involuntary generous flow, it might communicate any degree of warmth to one who might come in contact with him : he freezes by his touch, and overclouds you by his aspect.

Learned in knotty points of law,

John is an able counsel; but deliver us from his delivery! It is the harsh vulgar impetuosity of the unmannered and unlettered man, elad in the vulgarest vulgarisms of the vilest vernacular tongue, with an aeeent which would throw a harmonist into convulsions, and a grating sound which would set the strongest tooth on edge, aecompanied by an aeidity which would turn the sweet milk of a whole dairy, and an awkwardness of deportment which would make the monkey blush blue for his resemblance. So much is this the case, that an Englishman listening to this gentleman, who was explaining a point of law, and triumphantly enjoying the error of his adversary, observed, that he hoped this was not the

common law of Scotland, which was so at variance with the civil law, or even with the law of nature.

Indeed, nature has treated this gentleman so ill, that one cannot much wonder at his retaliating upon her ; and in obedience to the cast of his countenance, he ought never to smile, nor to shew any signs of feeling or complacency, for Boileau very truly says,

En vain ce misanthrope, aux yeux tristes et
sombres,

Vent par un air riant en eclairer les ombres,

Le ris sur son visage est en mauvaise humeur

L'agrément fuit ses traits, ses caresses font
peur,

Ses mots les plus flatteurs paraissent des rudesses,

Et la vanité brille en toutes ses bassesses.

LORD L.

Is the greatest compound of irreconcilable contrasts imaginable. With the most haughty and overbearing manners, the greatest family pride, the most aristocratical ideas, he professes democratical doctrines, holds antiministerial language, and courts popular favor. Repulsive in his manner, and severe in his aspect, he is amorous in his disposition, and an admirer of beauty, as a certain baronet's widow, and a separated general officer's wife, *cum multis aliis*, can testify. A domestic tyrant, he pretends to be the champion of liberty; and, the enslaver of his own family, he preaches up the extension

of the freedom of the subject. Deranged in his own concerns, he writes a book on finance; and, although a railer against self-interest, and ministerial corruption, he, during his short-lived power, joined his party, to wit, all the talents, in dividing the good things of the land, in distributing places and pensions to their relations and friends; and, in fact, he and they did little else.

This unprofitable talent, however, has no reference to his religious principles, which we never yet heard spoken of; and he has at least been consistent in his anti-monarchical conduct, for he has taken the very earliest opportunity of insulting and

offending his prince, when placed at the head of the government, and whilst he (Lord L.) was banquetting at his generous and 'royal table; thus wounding the feelings of him, who might fairly have said, "*et tu Brute.*" This also was done in the presence of the first lady of the land; doubtless, as a proof of his lordship's gallantry, and high sense of decorum.

When this nobleman is not abusing government, grumbling, and finding fault in the House of Peers, he is, for the most part, immured in his own house, in Scotland, which, from its huge, awkward size and form, its want of ornamental ground, its inhospitable

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aspect, as well as its exterior appearance, and interior government, might easily pass for a house of correction. There, in absolute power and dominion, he rules the roast; and his frightened daughters are treated like so many overgrown children, or are caged like so many household linnets. This domestic despotism, however, was not found to promote the pride and ambition of his house, and was the cause of one of his daughter's eloping with a militia *militaire*, with a very silly face, who was called in his regiment by the nickname of staggering Bob—a thing who was the nephew of a druggist, and who (we are told) has now turned miser.

From all these facts, it is pretty

clear that these *soi-disant* patriots, when nearly observed, will be found to have nothing but self at heart, that personal discontent and disappointment are their motives for reviling the government, that they are most unlike what they fain would wish to appear, and that talents of gold and silver were the only ones about which the party was ever seriously occupied.

SIR JAMES FARINTOSH.

An attempt has been made (by a countryman probably) to throw a light over a very dull subject, and to represent Sir James, in his youth, as a gay, thoughtless, extravagant, and dashing young man, regardless of his cash,

taking to medicine like a dose of physic, and speedily giving a new direction to his intellect and his abilities, possessed of a fervid imagination, running inconsiderately into republicanism, and becoming a zealot in the cause of liberty, then changing his political creed, afterwards becoming a ministerial man, and a firm supporter of the men and measures of government, and, lastly, becoming republican again.

This is the biographical account given of the knight, than which nothing appears to us more erroneous. We believe Sir James to have been a light young man, when he had nothing in his pocket or in his mind to give gravity to him ; we can conceive that he was gay, when

nothing was to be obtained by serious consideration and reflective habits ; that he tried medicine as an experiment, and finding it an empty one, might have cried with Romeo, or perhaps rather with the starved apothecary :

“ Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it !”
that he might have made little account of his purse, for there was nothing in that ; and that, when revolution was the order of the day, he might have enlisted under the popular standard, as the most likely one to receive a raw recruit, belonging to nobody, and identified by no party.

We cannot, however, give him credit for either thoughtlessness or principle, in all these experimental wanderings.

On the contrary, we believe there has been a great deal of thoughtfulness, and a great deal of interest in the whole of these manœuvres. Advancing in life, Mr. Farintosh takes a plain wife, doubtless not from the intoxication of passion and admiration, but as a matter of convenience; and when a better situation in life gave him the hope of making a better bargain, he stretches out his widowed arms to a better connexion, and an improved partner: thus always changing his situation with his change of fortune, and never encumbering his mind with troublesome, inconvenient, or unproductive remembrances.

We can after all see nothing giddy or inconsistent in his frequenting fes-

tive circles, when the enlivening board afforded better entertainment than his mountain fare; nor can we find any versatility in leaving off a profession, that it might not leave off himself; and we contemplate his change of politics just in the same light, namely, the adoption of that plan, which, upon trial, produced the most. His vehemence of opinion on both sides of the question was certainly in proportion to his being a novice in it; and his coolness and temperance proceeded from the tranquillity accruing from easier circumstances. Frothiness proceeds generally from agitation, and a smooth surface argues an undisturbed state; the bubbles of zeal soon subside, as effervescence evaporates into air, but if shaken

by the hand of power, for any purpose, would soon again assume their pristine appearance.

The esquire was suddenly swallowed up in the knight; and the lover of liberty was as easily blotted out by the statesman. Sir James has been severely handled for ratting, as it is called; but to a near observer of nature, we should imagine that nothing else could have been looked for. Perhaps, however, the very best lesson ever given him was by his friend Parr, as follows:—Sir James' having bitterly attacked the character of some person who was known to Dr. Parr, the doctor, in his usual strong and laconic style, observed:—"True, Jemmy: the man's an

Irishman ; he might have been a *Scotchman* : he is a parson ; he might have been a *lawyer* : he is a traitor ; he might have been an *apostate*."—Do we owe it to this and other gentle hints that Jemmy has ratted over to his old side of the house again ?

BISHOP STANDFAST . . .

Was so long looking for a benefice ; that he cracked his eye-strings. He looked up to the mitre, until his very pupils upbraided him for his ambition, and until the white of his eye, first blushing blue, put to shame and flight the iris, which, like the iris of the heavens, disappeared entirely, and

* The bishop has pupils in his establishment.

wept for the bishop's visionary error, leaving the seat of speculation as unmeaning and inexpressive as an oyster, and making the head of the episcopacy in Edinburgh like a *caput mortuum*, or the china head of a clergyman's walking stick, a mere support to himself, instead of being the prop of religion, and a pillar of the church.

Shame be, however, to the churchman's fall: he could, nevertheless, propagate more than his doctrines; for he has propagated his species, not his specie, to a certain extent, and thereby multiplied bad impressions of the national coin: but *n'importe*.

The mitre of this Episcopus in *par-*

tibus so raised him above the common dignity of man, that he too became intolerant—*Et tu Brute!* There is something of intolerance in the Edinburgh air, just as there is something insufferable in the Edinburgh gale, something that smells strong of prejudice, that marks corruption, and that exhibits a want of enlarged idea, proceeding from local habits, and confined circumstances, with which the doctor was offensively affected, and which has deprived a good man's devotions (such Doctor S. is) of their necessary purity, and must prevent the inflated little man from putting forth his orisons :

“ *Cum odore pietatis ! or, suavitatis.*”

We have ever thought that comeli-

ness became lawn sleeves, and that humility was the centre stone, and most valuable jewel of the crown of piety. One more hint—clergymen should never have more views than one, namely, the benefit derived from religion.

SIR GEORGE FRENZY.

This is another would be author, a baronet bit by some scientific dog, and highly afflicted with the furor for scribbling. Having first taken up chemistry, and made a bad hand of it (for he burned his fingers therewith), he reflected on the renown which writing his travels might produce, and he accordingly set out on them. Not content, however,

with the fame of a tourist, whose book might, with two or three views, and a map, fetch ten or twelve shillings, the baronet extended his views much further, and consequently published an immense three guinea book, which now serves mostly to amuse little children by looking at the pictures, and thus to keep them quiet whilst their mammas listen to a love tale, or to some flattering proposal, which forms the groundwork of a future trial for crim-con.

In this elegant publication is a faithful and very circumstantial account of Sir George's travels in I——d, where he (to shew his taste for cool reasoning) thought proper to transport his corpus, in order to make important discoveries

for the benefit of posterity, and to write himself into fame. The fidelity of the account, and the circumstantiality of the detail, has, however, completely defeated this purpose; and it is thought by pretty good judges that there is nothing in the composition but the pictures to recommend it. This great work is filled with minutious nothings, trite remarks, and contemptible trivialities, on subjects which of themselves have no earthly interest.

From travels the baronet proceeded in the way of composition to theatricals, and greatly raised his celebrity thereby; for he raised as general a laugh as ever Momus himself could have occasioned in the Court of Jove. The tragedy was so

funny, irresistibly comical, and ridiculous, that even the baronet's puffs, stationed in divers parts of the house, were not proof against the risibility of his tragic muse ; and they were at length so convulsed with laughter, that they could neither lend their assistance in palming this comic-tragedy on the public, nor even make the show of hands in the author's favor. Off, off, echoed from every quarter, and the piece was put down completely. Sir George boasts yet that he has written a "d—mn'd good" tragedy ; but he is the only one who adds the "good" to it. What "d—mn'd" good composition he may next turn his pen to we do not know, unless he attempt a comedy, which perhaps may have a more tragical effect ; or take a trip to the

Scilly Islands on another voyage of discovery. Doctor G—y, who married a sister of the baronet's wife, complains (we are told) that the deep tragedy took patients out of his hands, who laboured under obstructions, which were removed by the violent laughter with which they were seized on its representation.

SIR JACOBUS CALORIC.

The worthy baronet is a great chymist; and there was indeed a great rage for chymistry at one time in Edinburgh. Sir George M—— burned his fingers at it, and many other gentlemen caused such blows up in their families by this fashion, that their wives voted for the practices being entirely exploded. Nevertheless, this gentleman

continued unmoved in his favorite study.

The baronet must have a very fiery imagination ; for he allows nothing to the other element, water ; but embraces with much ardor the Huttonian or Plutonian system, and insists that all chrystals, even basaltic columns, were formed by fire, in direct opposition to the Neptunian or Wernerian system. Whether the different phenomena which nature exhibits (of this kind) proceed from volcanic eruptions, or from the deposits left by inundation, &c. is not matter for the present discussion ; but, certain it is, that the baronet warmly supports the former, and loses himself occasionally in the heat of argument,

inflamed with the desire of establishing his hypothesis.

By the bye, Sir Jacobus has in his house a very large laboratory, where many of his experiments are made, but which the baronet's children have, not very improperly, styled "papa's nonsense room."

The great assumption of science in Edinburgh is such, that if a man's time be not taken up by some of the many departments of the law, the followers of which swarm like flights of crows, or other birds of prey, he immediately becomes author in some way or other, and has probably a chymist's shop, or a printing press, in his house, where, like a

certain lord, with a very flighty imagination, he composes, prints, and disposes of his literary productions, which seldom circulate further than through the circle of his acquaintance—unless indeed it be to wrap up mince pies at a pastry cook's, or light a neighbour's pipe.

Such is the pleasure of being an author in Edinburgh, and such is the ambition of being a man of science, that we shall not be surprised to see some ardent elaboratory if not elaborate composition of the baronet's introduced to the public, which the reviewers (from national partiality) will doubtless treat better than they have done many works of high merit, which, to circulate their

bile and other gross humours, they thought proper to dissect in the most clumsy and inhuman way.

LORD ~~Dunbar~~ *Dunbar*.

The family of Lord D—— has, for a considerable time, been a naval one in all its bearings and distances; for, independent of the Earl of D—— having served his time as a midshipman, and acted as a lieutenant, many relations and connexions of their house were bred to the sea, and did honor to that noble profession.

At Lord D——'s outset in life his eccentricities began to appear: he complained heartily of the defects of his

captain, amongst which he ranked his habit of swearing ; and he adopted a singular custom of going without his hat in a hot climate, which he has the bare-faced boldness to assert is the best method of keeping the head cool under vertical heat, and of avoiding a *coup de soleil*, by being more directly exposed to its operation ! During the peer's service in the navy he invented a method of preserving vessels from being worm-eaten. From this invention, however, although attended with complete success, his lordship derived no personal benefit, but, on the contrary, incurred a real and substantial loss.

The navy had not sufficient attraction for his active, mercurial, and unset-

tled mind ; and, on quitting it, he turned his thoughts to chymistry and agriculture. He burned his fingers at the first, and in decomposing salt, and using the refuse thereof for the purpose of manure, there did not appear so many attie partieles as were expected, nor did he gain credit for more wit than the rest of his northern neighbours. He, however, lustily abused the French agriculturists, declaimed against the duty on salt, malt, and coal, at home, advised saccharine food for cattle, preferring malted to real grain, was for pickling the land, sweetening the horse's tooth with treacle, and extracting valuable matter from peat.

There was no little wildness in all

his; but the intention was patriotic, and his exertions were laborious, and often useful. Soon after this he obtained a patent, which was found valuable.

After this period nothing is heard of his name but in the person of his gallant son (whose brilliant naval career was of such high promise, but who stopped midway by his political and other eccentricities, inconsistencies, and errors, in so lamentable and regretful a manner) and in the unnatural abuse and complainings of a father against a son, who, there is every reason to believe, had injured his fortune to support him.

From the whole tenor of the lives of

the father and son, it is not difficult to perceive an uncertain ruinous principle, an innate mental disorganization, which mars the best intentions, and obscures the most glorious deeds. No family has a greater title to the device “Virtute et labore;” yet no family claims more indulgence for error, when we consider that it is constitutional, and that, in spite of its existence to a considerable degree, none have better deserved of their country, none have ever served it with more intrepidity and exertion.

LORD ~~Scots~~ *Scots*.

If this peer were to have an i put into his name instead of an e, it would better pourtray him; and he might see

the clearer for it. Never did man, with a fair prospect before him, obscure his views, and sink himself in esteem, so completely as he has done. He had also a good wedding prospect, having married a very fine woman, much resembling the Countess of Derby, and who was possessed of many accomplishments. But the simple lord (as His Majesty called him on the occasion) chose rather to belong to the Corresponding society than to remain a colonel, with a certainty of promotion; and he preferred separating from an amiable wife, and vegetating in Edinburgh, where some domestic attachment brought living proof of bad taste, to getting on in the world in a manner becoming his rank and birth.

He had for years the satisfaction of grumbling, and of abusing ministers, amusing himself with a little chymistry occasionally, and with trying which gas was most nutritive, or what portion of fixed air was most likely to fill the mind and stomach at the same time. The Talents soon after came into power; and every one expected to see Lord S——'s whiskers seated by the grey tom-cat-like whiskers of his discontented but faithful friend, L——c. There, even, he stood in his own light: nothing suited him: he wanted to put back to the post whence he bolted and went out of the course: he wished to recover his army rank, which he was told was rank folly. Something was said about a postmastership, doubtless

to flatter a member of the Corresponding society ; but it went off like the hydrogen gas, and came to nothing. The Talents soon went off themselves, and the man of the party looked as forlorn and as shabby as ever. His coat of arms was almost the only coat in his possession ; and even that did not suit the rest of his appearance.

My lord, we are told, now took to teaching his sons Greek : it is to his credit that he did not take to grecking himself, which is not an uncommon resource with poor nobility abroad and at home ; but one of his children must certainly have disappointed him here, for there was an accredited son of his, afterwards in

the militia, into whose head his papa had forgotten to put any brains, and whose habits of cleanliness at his entrè into a military life were not at all to be admired.

Deseuvrement, no doubt, next prompted Lord S. to mistake another gentleman's wife for his own, and the error brought on a crim. con. trial, and the award of damages, which must be a visionary speculation to the husband, who was thus wrecked at Cape Horn. The peer plunged into this scrape in the decline of life; from what chymical or comical cause we are at a loss to guess; but all these acts of misconduct must have progressively reduced him very considerably.

The peer, in common with many a man, had done well to have kept the honour of his ancestors in view; and, if the seal of his house could have made a proper impression on his mind, it would have taught him a good worldly Scotch maxim, which is very national, being none other than—Keep thyself.

JOHNNY BEAN.

This epitome of taste and science puts one a little in mind of the title of a ridiculous piece, called the man and the monkey. But *les dehors sont souvent trompeurs*: there is more in the little man than in many a great medical carcase which overlooks him. Johnny

is profound in his profession, liberal in his ideas, and generous in his feelings. His pupils will ever remember with gratitude the mine of professional information which they found in him; and, although the trading surgeons, and even physicians, conspired to persecute him, yet did he nobly brave the storm, and prove his superiority when fairly put to the test.

Besides being a superior anatomist, and an able lecturer, as well as a capital chymist, Johnny excels in little works of taste, and is so dexterous that he can with one hand cut up a *cadaver*. and, with the other, paint, gild, varnish, and most tastefully and elegantly adorn an apartment. Moreover, he is

musical, and can bear a bob in a concert, and accompany young ladies on the harpsichord. Then, again, he is one of the fancy, and, being a thorough anatomist, he knows where to hit, and can strike a gigantic fellow such a blow on the deltoid muscle as to make his arm fall useless.

Certainly no man ever went through more professional persecution, or more pecuniary difficulties. Such is the fate of merit. More than once was he obliged to use animal instead of mineral substances for a fire ! Hundreds of times has he taken a circuitous route of two miles to come in unperceived to his lecture-room ; whilst the notorious Archy Campbel, the bum-bailiff, was

looking out for him the front way, little suspecting that his prey was skirting the north-loch, and running, with the scent breast high, through all the winds and wynds of Auld Reekie, where there literally is

“ An ill wind which blows nobody good.”

After struggling for years, under these and other persecutions, hornings and poundings, (Scotch law-phrases, and very different operations from the hornings of our fashionables, and the poundings of the fancy) with sequestrations or botherations from the law tribe, little Johnny has struck his flag, and is on his travels in Italy; or, in other words, he, like our derangé nobility and gentry, is obliged to migrate,

less for curiosity than from necessity, to the great triumph of his malignant enemies, and of his very inferior competitors, who were often galled by Johnny's superiority of abilities, by his sturdy resistance of oppression, by the independence of his unbending spirit, and by the sharp point of his satire.

In one of his admirable lectures he had occasion to name R l, the surgeon, and Dr. J. T ~~———~~ n, and to touch upon the matter which composed two rival works which were to be published by them. Detecting their plagiarisms, and want of originality, he observed, that the one work would be made up of Petit and Pouteau, and the other would be composed of Pouteau and

Petit. Such a lash was never pardoned by the professional enemies of this truly able man.

The intelligent student now took breath. I proposed "love and friendship" as a toast, "love pure as the virgin snow, and friendship firm and immovable as a rock of adamant." I might nearly as well have proposed "my father and mother," but at this sentiment the heart of the reverend tutor warmed and expanded. The juice of the grape had increased the full tide of life; but the warmth which memory of past scenes of love threw over his cold clay, like a winter's sun, suddenly applied to the chilled ground, brought his

affections into life again, perhaps to leave the scene more damp and desolate afterwards. He too had been in love ; and he drank the toast literally "*con amore.*" Who has not felt the truth of these words ?

The sun now began to peep through our windows, and to warn us of the loss of time—to warn us that the day was encroached upon, that we had made another mortgage of our time, that whilst the sand of our hour-glass was running out, our clay was verging nearer and nearer to its native bed, to the dust from which it sprung, and which it was shortly destined to return to. I began to moralize ; but our Oxonian friend laughed me out of my disserta-

tion, shook hands with the student, and engaged us all to dine with him the next day. The tutor was like Bacchus.

Flushed with a purple grace,
He show'd his honest face :

the sunshine of friendship, and the high colour of the grape, had lit up his countenance into youth again, and, full of love and fond remembrance, he went unsteadily to rest.

CHAPTER IV.

Edinburgh Tricks.—Dangers of Night-Walking.—The Oxonian's Disaster.—Festive Dinner.—More Characters.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh ! premiere promenade de l'amour, il faut que votre souvenir soit bien puissant ; puisqu'après tant d'années d'infortune, vous renaissiez encore le cœur du vieux——

ATALA.—DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum.—HORAT.

THE tutor was taken to bed ; I was taken ill in the night ; but where the Oxonian was taken, either by Bacchus or by the intoxicated student, I cannot pretend to say. The account he gave of himself was, that he had a mind to see the humours of the place ; and, added he, in low life, the Scotch have humour at their very fingers' ends. This was making a bad hand of a pun ; but

n'importe. He went into a cellar to eat oysters, it being called an oyster cellar ; but he found nothing there except loose fish of another description, not shell fish. The fishmonger and gamekeeper (for they were one and the same person) was a

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens
Cui lumen ademptum est ;—VIRGIL.

and had a most marked countenance, *i. e.* seamed with the small pox, though very unseemly to view. This monster, aided by a Miss Bella, who was, as he said, *horrida bella*, charged him five pounds for looking about him, and when he resisted the charge, assailed him “*manibus et pedibus, unguibus et rostro.*” He found that resistance was vain ; so paid the five pounds for peeping. At

his *sortie*, he informed me, that a fellow in the house wanted to shake hands with him, and make up the affray ; but our wag said, “let every man shake his own hand. I did not come here to scrape acquaintance with the natives : there you’ll excuse me from being hand and glove with you ; for I find you rather *too taking* in this quarter.”

On his entering the hotel, Jacky ! the chambermaid exclaimed, “Sir, you’ve gotten a blue ee.” “I have got two,” replied he ; “but I met with a black-guard of your country, and he has run against me, and just left his mark.” “It’s awfù,” cried Jacky. “Aye,” replied our young friend, “and I have

* The Scotch call a black eye a blue eye.

got my pantaloons torn besides." "Eh! mercy! weel, but," added Jacky, "it might ha been war (worse), for I can mend them for you." So saying, our youth went to bed, and I saw nothing of him until he appeared at dinner. He told us, laughing, that Jacky had mended his breeks, as she called them. He was very lively at dinner-time; and, after taking a few glasses of wine, he requested the student to finish his list of characters; which he did in the following order.

PROFESSOR SCEPTIC.

This is another very eccentric professor, with the air of the roughest and most uncultivated farmer. In point of

intellect, however, he would, from his mind alone, furnish enough to fit twenty hereditary chair gentlemen for their office. We owe to him many valuable discoveries as to heat, and on the production of cold by absorption.

The doctor was strongly suspected of atheism, and on that account was opposed by the whole clergy as candidate for the chair, but was ably supported by Professor P—, and the eloquent D— S—, the two most eminent and able men in the University. These gentlemen were of opinion that talent does not depend upon nation, or on political or religious creed; and, being anxious that one chair should be ably filled, they gave

their entire interest to this candidate. They naturally thought that if a man were an excellent tailor, and were to set up for a vacant cathedra in natural history or moral philosophy, his making breeches would not be the least recommendation to him as a lecturer; nor, *vice versa*, would a man chuse his tailor for being a sound reasoner, or a man of a philosophical turn. Professor Sceptic carried his election, after keeping the ~~University~~, and the country in general, in ~~alarm~~, from ~~the~~ intemperate controversy occasioned by the contest.

Doctor Sceptic is a very plain man in his manner as well as in his appearance; but his abilities are unquestionable. He formerly was preceptor to

the ~~W~~~~w~~ds, and enjoys a pension or sinecure from the family on that account. The whole conclave of the clergy was greatly exasperated at his nomination.

DOCTOR G.

This worthy physician is a complete character, and differs very widely from the rest of the faculty. Instead of being clad in mourning, as if ready for the first burial of a patient, ~~or as~~ if a party concerned in the death, Doctor G—— wears a blue or some other coloured coat, nay, sometimes a scarlet uniform, with a grenadier's cap, the hirsute appearance of which frightened a female patient into hysterics. Instead

of a soft voice, a gentle deportment, sapient look, stop-watch, and cane, hum and pause, commiserating aspect, and important look, which constitute the requisites for the rest of the medical fraternity, and make up almost the sum total of their abilities, this doctor has a voice that would nearly wake the dead, a roughness only fitted for a plowman or a foot soldier, a bluntness very injurious *ad artem medendi*, and a knack of telling truth, which disappoints often both the patient and the practitioner.

Dr. G ——— has, moreover, a sovereign contempt for the confraternity, a just disregard for physic; and, although nothing averse to gold, yet he has let the cat out of the bag respecting the

arcana medica, by showing that trick, importance, procrastination, lenitives, and paliatives, systematizing and temporizing, form the grand hum-bug of the art; and that gentleness and mildness, a soft hand and an insinuating manner, with hard words, and the administering of the *placebo*, make up the remaining part of the science. Nay, the doctor has in this so overacted his part, that he has hurt himself by bringing medicine into disrepute, and has also drawn down upon himself the whole legion of black coats. Against their assaults and arguments she has not used the *argumentum a priori* of the Lucinian Doctor Hamilton, nor the *argumentum a posteriori* of the elder Doctor Hamilton, nor even the blue pill of the

bel esprit, who rides in the Mercurial chariot, but the *argumentum ad hominum*, and even the forcible *argumentum bacculinum*. At this, the doctor might be backed against any one of the healing art; but he should at the same time have remembered the lawyer's practice in Edinburgh in the choice of a cause or suit: it should first be a good cause for himself, for charity begins at home—and a man must live: it should be good for his opponent, otherwise it is not good for the law, and would end immediately: and, finally, it should be good for his client as long as he can pay, and as far as it can consistently go. Whereas, the doctor has, by detailing how professional men slay in chariots, on

horseback, and some as infantry professors, unveiled the sacred mysteries of medicine, and made the old epitaph applicable to every M. D. in the universe :

Passant ne pleurs pas mon sort,
Si j*i* vivais, tu seras mort.

DOCTOR BRÜNO, P. M. P.

This is the substitute for the very-able D—— S——, his predecessor. It is a sad falling off; and it may be fairly said of him :

“ Sequiturque fratrem (instead of patrem) non
passibus equis.”

His lectures are so deficient in interest, when compared with those which preceded them, that his pupils sit moping

at them in a *brown* study, and not unfrequently get the blue devils by attending them.

Of the morality of this moral philosopher, we can cite one trait; but whether we may add "*ab uno disce omnes*" we cannot determine. Certain, however, we are of ~~the~~ authenticity of this anecdote, which we give on that account.

Doctor G——, M. D. to whom Doctor Bruno formerly was assistant, took it into his head to publish some ridiculous poems, in one of which, of a very loose obscene nature, were some very curious rhymes, such as doxies, pill boxes, and a rhyme to these which

we cannot commit to paper. Little Johnny B. who was at paper war with the doctor, made an immediate attack upon him for the impudicity of his versification; and the doctor, in his vindication, threw the whole matter, doxies, pill boxes, and all, on Dr. B. who wrote this very able part of the *Poemata*, which, it must be allowed, is a proof of the professor not being altogether ortho-doxi-cal.

To render the exposure more complete, Johnny B. quaintly observed, in his next strictures, that he found the obscene verses alluded to were not from the pen of the physician, but from that of his friend, the professor of moral philosophy!!—from whom as much

might be expected in reason as in rhyme.

Whether Doctor Bruno has since this helped his friends with further versification of this sort we know not; but the University of Edinburgh may be felicitated on the possession of this description of talent. Wonderful productions do certainly come out there; amongst which, the strife betwixt a certain physician and the professional accoucheur, who was beaten in more ways than one by the former, as also the paper war betwixt Johnny B. and Doctor G——y, form no inconsiderable examples.

In this last work there is a most

amusing account of the coalition betwixt the doctor, the apothecary, and the undertaker; and it is there very philosophically demonstrated, that as long as a man is above ground, he is not safe from the triumvirate. This, of course, is very consoling to the inhabitants of Edinburgh; and it is very candid in these medical opponents thus to bring the exposè to public view. What will not the *cacoethes scribendi* produce!

N. B. Doctor Bruno wrote in defence of David Hume, and supported Professor Sceptic in his election, which of course makes him no very great favorite with the clergy.

DOCTOR CATHARTIC,

Better known by the name of Doctor Benevolent. This gentleman is a paragon of perfection, as far as feeling, tenderness, humanity, and liberality, go. He is not one of those practitioners who cure their patients by practising on their purses, until the sufferer is radically cured of sending for the doctor, no means being left to palm him; when, of course, the *Ægrotus* either pretends to be well, in order to get rid of his expensive acquaintance; or, perchance, nature, in spite of all the doctor's practising on her, and his diurnal attentions to the patient, takes the business out of the hands of the faculty, and cures the sick man herself.

This doctor has been known to administer pecuniary comfort, and gratuitous advice to the indigent patient, and to make the poor man's heart glad, aye, and the poor woman's too, by curing the double complaint of loss of strength of pocket and of constitution.

The doctor has a comely benevolent countenance ; but in his person he has a solemnity, a formality, and a precise adherence to deep mourning, and old fashioned make of clothes, which give him the look of an undertaker — rather an ill omen for the patient ! but it is in exterior only ; for, in spite of
“ ————— all this idle mockery of woe,
“ He has within what far surpasseth show.”

The doctor's attachment to a cocked

hat, is an adherence to old customs, and we disapprove of the thing, because it looks like bringing matters to a point. Besides, it has obtained for him divers nicknames; such as the three-cornered doctor, cockey Hamilton, the doctor with the hat, et cetera.

The nickname, which he has acquired by contradistinction from a par nobilis frater, whose family name is the same as his, we highly disapprove of. Doctor Benevolent is called the doctor *a posteriori*; whilst his namesake is termed the doctor *a priori*. Now, although *a priori* is before him in certain physical matters, yet he is certainly far behind him in most moral ones. And we can assure any one who visits Edin;

burgh, and either courts doctor Benevolent as an acquaintance, or consults him in the line of his profession, that he will be safe in the latter case; and in the former he will seek the acquaintance of the sincerest and most beneficent being that any land can produce, or any enlightened country can boast of.

DOCTOR LUCINIAN.

We call this doctor Lucinian, from the nature of his practice; and we wonder, in the rage for knighting, that the little man has not been knighted, for he is a *night* doctor in general, and the ladies would have liked a title vastly. It would have been just as well

bestowed as on a certain Sir William, a vender of spirits (through his miserable agents in detail) who was made a rum baronet. He sported supporters* to his arms, with a crest of his own invention, and, what he thought, an appropriate motto, namely, *Industrie*. Now if he had had for his *supporters* two drunken porters, scarcely able to support themselves, and a barley corn for his crest, with *Whisky frisky* ! for his device, it would have been a great deal more emblematical.

Doctor Lucinian has made no mistake in this respect ; but, in case of his making up his lee-way, and overtaking

* A Lion and a Stag !—ridiculous.

the vender of spirits, and other sundries in nobility, we would advise his supporters to be two *sages femmes*, and his motto to be "*Lucina fer opem*," with the moon *in nubibus* for his crest, or a representation of the *milky way*.

Little as the doctor is, he has, however, a great deal of importance, and he talks of prodigious recoveries, (does he mean of character?) of stupendous cures! of his ladies all doing well, as if he did more than any other man, or, as if he had as many ladies of one sort and another, as our polygamical progenitors of antediluvian memory! and of the fine lasses and thumping boys of his introducing into life, as if he had been *grand maitre des ceremonies* to the

whole world. Doubtless, the doctor has been the cause of bringing many occult and mysterious matters to light ; but, it is *luce* clarius, or any other *Lucy's* co-operation which has the most contributed to the discovery.

In his profession, the doctor is before many of the faculty, and plumes himself not a little on his priority, although in his appearance he is not very unlike a staymaker, or a mole catcher, and although Doctor G—— gave him *striking* proofs of disrespect.

The doctor's appearance, (we mean in dress) is black. His appearance, however, in other respects, often makes people look blue ; but he leaves to his

female patients to put the best colour on the transaetion which they can, and poekets the fee, whilst others poeket the affront. This pocketing he is nothing averse too, and it contributes greatly to his carrying on a brisk and lively trade.

However happy the doetor's eoneep-tions may be, his delivery is not much more fortunate in Cathedra than doe-tor Dunderhead's ; and, not having the composing property of that learned professor, his faults are more easily perceived, as every one has his eyes upon him, pupils and all, and he eannot therefore escape the lash of eritieism. We have not learned the doetor's opi-nion upon legitimacy and saered RITES,

but we should suppose that he must be a little divided about the matter.

It is but justice to observe, that he has been very lucky in his practice, and that patients have thriven under his hands ; yet, we believe, that the same thing may be said of his cures as of the profession in general, be their line of practice what it may.

A la fin un med'cin fort expert en son art
Le guerit par adresse, on plutôt par hazard.
BOILEAU'S SATIRES.

PROFESSOR DUNDERHEAD.

This professor is a mighty good sort of a man, of the old school, shackled by all the prejudice of medicine, and

wedded to all the old dogmas of the faculty ; believing in the utility of simples, dealing in lenitives and palliatives, and waiting for dame Nature in all her operations.

The doctor's person is tailor-like, and his voice complaintive. He has a kind of pity about him that is very alarming to his patients ; for it seems as if it would say to the sufferer, " Poor devil, I pity you for the hands you have got into." The professor also, in common with all the profession, except Doctor G——, wears mourning ; and he frequently does the last office of kindness and service to his patients, by attending their funerals ; though many of the Edinburgh health-traffickers only

send their empty carriages on such occasions, fearful, probably, of being considered as a party concerned in the affair.

In his lectures, the doctor has a narcotic property, which is admirably adapted to young reprobate students, who have passed the night in revelling, as it invariably procures them an hour's sound sleep ; and, were it not for the necessity of playing into the hands of the apothecary, whose chymicals and Galenicals must be sold to, and swallowed by, somebody, a lecture or two of the doctor's on the *materia medica* would be an admirable cure for insomnia, and those diseases which the most affect sleep. Another advantage of this so-

porific quality is, that it acts as a prophylactic in removing the effect which the engine-turning monotonous tone of the lecturer might otherwise produce on his hearers.

It is the plan in the University, to make the cathedra hereditary ; and there may be in time as great a dispute about the succession, legitimacy, and sacred rights of the chair, as there is in a neighbouring country about the throne. Nay, it is said to be the intention of the patrons of the University of Edinburgh to confer the dignity of the professoriat on the chair itself, on which a wig, a doctoral hat, and a gown, being placed, much trouble will be saved to the student, who may de-

posit his lecture money in Professor Wood's hands, or place it on the seat of knowledge.

DR. GAILEN.

This is another professor, one of your hoolly and fairly men, one of your courtiers of the toon cooncil, and assenters to all established doctrines. He would be a very amusing lecturer, for he tells stories by the hour, if the broad accent of Edinburgh vulgarity did not render him unintelligible to polished ears. Another disadvantage is that the exhalations of the genuine Gillespie, added to the filth of his cloathes, make his approach so unsavoury, that it is unpleasant to see him, to hear him, or to

smell him. Blood, slime, rabbit's wool, lint, tow, and feathers, are the ornaments of his costume in cathedra; and if he be near the fire you may draw out much from him indeed; but of a nature not to be wished for, and at times of a description not to be borne.

This worthy was originally bred to the church; but it is presmnable that the church was not bread to him; for he soon took leave of that profession in which he never was more than a puir minister, and the domine or private tutor (some of whom I have known teaching Latin, cleaning knives, brushing shoes, playing the fiddle, and afterwards sitting at the foot of the laird's table) to a son of a Scotch baronet. Aye "booing and booing," however, like

Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm in the play, pliability of disposition, rigid economy, and stern industry, advanced him in his profession, and elevated him to a professor's chair.

When he had begun to thrive in the world, his ambition rose with his means, and he made so bold as to set his best foot foremost, and to step up to a slip of a daughter of his patron the baronet. This enviable rib of his, whose corpus is a fine subject for a lecture on osteology, and whom he must certainly have chosen for anatomical instead of amatory purposes, was an old maid, ere he made so free as to propose to her ; and he certainly had an opportunity of calling her his boney bride, though not his bonny one. To

a dealer in the dead letter, and to the companion of skeletons, this rare matrimonial moreceau may offer some attractions ; but to mere carnal sinners she certainly exhibits none. What she “pits him in mind o” we know not, (for these are the prefatory words of his amusing stories whilst lecturing) ; but she puts most professional men in mind of a dried preparation.

Unenvied in his bride, the doctor is not so in his professorship ; and (although I am not able to judge of the merits of the cause) I have heard some who are bold enough to assert that it might be in abler hands. This, however, I can aver, that the doctor can give you a strong dose of anatomy ; and certainly any one who has seen, heard,

and smelt him, will not easily forget him, nor mistake him for another. Moreover, if any one be particularly eager to learn broad Scotch, the professor is fully qualified to be his master in that desirable branch of education.

DR. MUSHROOM.

If Doctor Gāālen be a home-spun, coarse, streng-smelling, broad-talking Goth (for Goth and Scot, I suspect, are nearly allied—Gothus Σκωθός and Scotus) Doctor Mushroom is a strange (would be) fine, made-up mineing monkey—a thing of yesterday, grown into consequence by the hotbed of favor, and, as a lecturer, an imitator of a most servile imitator, (Doctor J. T——) both in matter and in style.

If this creature vary in style, it is always in the way of imitation or quotation ; and his lectures resemble a harlequin's jacket sold at Rag Fair: they are a tissue of odds and ends, and scraps of foreign and of home manufacture, worn threadbare before they are exposed for sale, and so clumsily and ill stuck together, that they have neither worth nor consistence, and are seen through by the most negligent observer : thus they exhibit at once a want of substance, a want of connexion, a want of novelty, and a want of taste.

Of such slop-shop materials, also, was formed the absurd anatomico-physiognomical paper in the Edinburgh Review, through the threadless rags

and tatters of which dirty article malice and envy are transparent—vile materials, which were manufactured by this puny lecturer to clothe a learned foreigner with disgrace, whilst the breath of honesty and truth blows back the spun-out trash upon the head of the fabricator, a head which possesses too many of the craniological defects which the industrious foreigner had unwarily brought to view. Be that as it may, this upstart lecturer has fixed an indelible spot on his name by this transaction, and will now be quoted, and marked abroad and at home, for not only being the most illiberal of the illiberal, but for having on his own dunghill, (like the bird who is the hero thereof) in his own city, in his

own country, nay, even in his own second-hand shop, or lecture-room, grossly insulted that foreigner, in violation of the laws of honor, of hospitality, of civilization, and of common decency.

Johnny Beau, a brother lecturer, but of a very different kind, compares the head of the gentleman in question to a button ill sewed on a coat, and which is waving backwards and forwards on his shoulders, shifting its position, and under the influence of every wind that blows. Whether this simile be more suitable to his habits or to his heart, he knows best; but certain it is, that there appears to be as little stability in the one as there is liberality in the other; nor do his merit, his talents, or

his consequence, bear him out in the want of the possession of these necessary and estimable qualities.

Finding, probably, that he was not of importance enough as a noun substantive, he has added a pronoun possessive to it, in my wife ; and has with his usual taste selected a connexion, the very name of which is disgraceful : not that it reflects obloquy on the female in question ; but that it shows in the professor a total abandonment of delicacy in allying himself to a name which the very boys in the streets, or in the green fields around Edinburgh, scout with horror and contempt. How true it is, that one who has no feeling or delicacy for another, seldom

can cherish either, even for beloved self!

The best analysis of this young man's lectures might be compressed into two short lines of *Hudibras*, which are as follows :

“ Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men.”

DOCTOR JOHN PLAGIARIST WHIG.

From off the anvil of Aberdeen-awa, or of easy St. Andrews, did this lecturer start in the medical world; not, however, without trying a trade or two before. He first shuffled into notice as a Paisley weaver; but the web of fortune was then unwove for him; and he, too, like Doctor Crispin, thought of

moving in a higher sphere, and of becoming a doctor. What a high compliment to the learned profession of medicine, to think that a man, who is fit neither for a shoemaker, a tinker, a tinman, nor a printer's devil, a tailor, staymaker, nor a weaver, is still fit to feel pulses, to govern the health of thousands, and to search into the remote and proximate causes of disease and decay !

What a happy thought for the suffering sick man to conceive, that he is to be tinned or tanned, copper bottomed, or sheathed with lead, vamped, stitched, sewed, cobbled, and mended, by tinkers, tailors, crispins, devils, weavers, and workmen of every trade ! and what an alarm must he not have, lest these

men of divers trades and jobs should mistake his stomach for leather, or his intestines for gauze or cotton, and thereby knock a hole through his constitution, or drop a stitch in his vital textures. It would certainly not be amiss to find out what one's physician had put his hand to ere one fell into his hands ; to ascertain if the former trade had any analogy with the profession of medicine ; and not to trust to a politician, who might mistake the constitution of the patient for that of the country, and so treat it with republican roughness, and either bring it down by the levelling system, or reduce it upon the principles of equality, and so make the patient linger under the reform of abuses, until his purse, and other goods

and chattels, formed a commonwealth for the political practitioner. From the loom, our doctor passed to the lanect, and from the lanect to the professor's chair.

Previous to this great elevation, he attempted to build his fame, and to bake his loaf upon the ravages which the Cyprian corps, followed by the *facundus nepos atlantis*, make upon the unguarded youth ; but, even with that popular practice, he might have starved but for party, friends, a lucky moment, self-confidence, and the injury of another.

The jackall and yelper of Benjamin, he unceasingly persecuted the able Johnny Beau ; and for these virtuous

and meritorious efforts he obtained the professor's chair. It is most certain that weaving, and trimming, and spinning, and reviling, party spirit, and spirit of opposition, do not appear to be the requisites of a professor, nor the recommendations to a chair, whence wisdom and experience, not malice and party prejudice, should emanate: but times are such, that these qualities prevail every where, and lead to promotion in all lines.

How pure must be the practice of such professors! how enlightened the students who are to glean the leavings of the stall, of the press, of the work-shop, and of the loom, for the lights which are to direct them

through life, in a profession where

Salus populi (ought to be) *suprema lex* !

DOCTOR MERE—O.

Here is a fine emblem and example of hereditary professorship ! “Support the chair” may well be the cry – when the chair can as well support itself as the professor. But the doctor not ‘only professes anatomy, but professes to be a philosopher’ upon what principle it is difficult to say, perhaps on the Hudibrastic principle :

“ There was an aged learn’d philosopher,
“ Who had read Alexander Ross over ;”

and, in order to have additional claims to his chair, he affects the negligent attire, the want of cleanliness which

Horace notices — *Balnea vetat*, etc. — and thus expects to be looked upon as an original, as a man absorbed in studies, as, to use the stupid words of the laureat,

A system inventor,
An experimenter, etc.

But it is not in our days, that a thin, ill-dressed, dirty man, will even impose upon youth, for a sage, or for a philosopher, although he may be listened to as a lecturer, *formæ causa*, and as his ticket is a passport to the Temple of Apollo !!! So much for power. A man may attend a prodigy of learning — may derive from one lecture of this man of merit more than from a course of the coarsest lecturer; and yet he

must have the pass-ticket of the established chair, whether an easy chair, or a mere arm chair, matters not, provided it be academically filled.

The doctor is an ambitious and an avaricious man ; but, unlike the wicked Cataline, he is not “*Alieni appetens, sui profusus,*” but, “*Alieni appetens, sui avarus.*” He loveth to receive, and likewise to keep. He is a fancier of every thing animal, vegetable, and mineral ; and, if perchance a student possess any thing rare, valuable, or curious, in either of these departments, the hereditary professor, the pseudo philosopher, the diligent doctor, will *visit* him out of it ; he will call again and again, just to have another look at it, until the stu-

dent may perhaps be glad to see the last of the professor and of the curiosity together. Such is his anxiety for collecting ; but an equal anxiety to preserve prevents him from even making presents in this or in any other way.

The doctor is also a picture-fancier ; but the dealers know his liberality better than he knows the pictures ; and his errors in judgment are very many indeed. He has a mind like Cæsar's, to grasp at all ; but it is only having a mind *to it* ; for the ability—*deest*. However, he too has the language of the schools, and is clad in his cathedral authority, and vested with hereditary weight.

But it is useless to blame men for

occupying situations for which their intellectual faculties do not suit them, whilst the electors to these situations are the Baillies--worsted night-cap merchants, (ex. gr.— the late Baillie C——) crockery merchants, (Baillie S——) hosiers, haberdashers, and undertakers ! After that a man may undertake any thing, and, without much difficulty, may perform it as well as his professor with some of his par nobiles fratres, with M. D. A. S. S. stuck at the end of their names.

MR. BLIGHT-ALL.

The character of a liberal and enlightened censor of the press is as respectable and praiseworthy as the name of the more ill-natured cavilling reviewer is odious and contemptible. The one chastens and purifies works of genius, and encourages and draws out talent, at the same time he deters wittlings, and authors of bad taste, from overrunning the republic of letters with immoral or illiterate performances. The other cuts down almost all alike, to display his petty faculty of criticism, to make a show of what he alone thinks wit, and, not unfrequently, to indulge

some low and private feeling of jealousy or animosity.

Of this last description is Mr. B. the merciless reviewer of the north. Cold and ungenial as the clime from which he sprung, he has no honest feeling of indulgence towards the peccadillos of the young author; but blasts his performances with the breath of irony, or kills him with the mildew distilled from his pen.

Intemperate in his language, and ungentleman-like in his abuse, the little wasp stung another little man, Tom M^r, and they had a comical combat with paper bullets! for it is literally,

true that no leaden ball was found by the police in the pistol of either. This was a paper war with a vengeance!!! This encounter, however, has not much added to his fame, although it may have encreased his courage, since the animal got off safe ; and it may stimulate it to insult some other man of merit, who may not be so innocent a

It is truly pitiable to see these pseudo judges of literature set themselves above men of talent, and, from their garrets, look down upon literary worth, issuing their judgment, and dispensing their fiat with so much self-created importance, and making (as George Coleman the younger very properly says) their We

the authoritative stamp of decision. Who are we? Why, in a Review, the son perhaps of a barber, or hungry lawyer or attorney. In a newspaper it is, perhaps, a recreant Cobbet, or a fellow writing himself out of a jail, or a bookseller writing himself into one. A pretty junta we form!!!

Violent in his politics, and democratic *à outrance*, he is also for playing his barber-ous tricks with government; he is for cutting down what he deems abuses, clipping the civil list, and the prerogative of the crown; thereby designing to make the great head of the nation a *tete à la Brutus*. Finally, he is for introducing short-lived

parliaments, with a view we suppose to promote the revolutionary tendency and popular scuffle proceeding from the business of the Poll.

This worthy has bestowed his epitome of a person on a — lady,— doubtless, from republican principle also; and it is only to be regretted that he has not bestowed himself on the nation from which she sprung.

The only apology for his strictures, so troublesome to others, is that he is sorely afflicted with these articles, and (as his friend Johnny Beau can attest) finds them very troublesome to himself; but this sort of retaliation is not a suf-

ficient excuse for his pocketting the price of his slanderous and unmerciful criticisms, nor for his offensive *modus operandi* in performing this lucrative employment: and we sincerely hope ever to see the illiberal corrector and reviewer fairly and freely reviewed and corrected by the public whom he has so grossly offended.

MRS. ALCOHOL.

This was the choicest spirit of all the spirits of the north, where white spirits and blaek, grey spirits and blue, shine with such fiery blaze. Her good husband kept up the spirits of the country until it went against the grain, and there was no more whiskey friskey in the family reel, no set-to in the family mansion, no spirit to be conjured up, to make the ghost of a pound, in the currency of the firm, go down with the lowest flat, nor be swallowed by the veriest gowk that Edinburgh produces.

For a while did Mrs. Aleohol possess ardent admirers, whilst her husband, a

ci-devant M. P. was considered as a pillar of commerce, firm as the Bass rock. Mr. Alcohol, nevertheless, gave balls and routs, and dinners; and Mrs. A. was at home on certain days, and led the ton along with the tun, until the spirit of fashion evaporated, and until the dregs of credit were drained.

During this period the house of peers and of commons used to pour its frothy overflowings into the distiller's house, and mount and sparkle there awhile, whilst John mixed up the ingredients of taste, and madam fretted and fumed her hour of celebrity.

The husband was a bit of an adulterer

of spirits, and used to mix up narcotics in the sleeping draught of matrimony, which sometimes made madam dream of jealousy ; but then so much suavity was mingled with the family potion, that it always went off in the natural way ; and until he stopped payment all was well abroad and at home.

Then, however, it was that the flatterer and dependant flew off with the last cork, that the ci-devant friend had nothing but pity to administer, that blue devils succeeded to blue ruin, and that black and blue were the only hues of their acquaintances, black hearts who deserted them, and blue looks, where their

correspondents were left in the lurch as to the balance of accounts.

Every one pretended to have foretold their failure: they broke like a bottle, and madam was no longer a toast, nor was monsieur drunk in any good company, though the best of company was drunk with and by him. Sic transit gloria, et cetera; and so will all effervescent glory go off in this nether world. No longer pipe, no longer dance; and the pipe and hogshead both being drained, Mrs. Alcohol is considered flat, and her husband a mere bore, an empty fellow, a hollow cask, a mawkish mixture, worse than barley water, or oatmeal, by those who made

many a meal at his expense. But such things are.

DOCTOR NOVELTY.

Our friend, whom you saw in mourning, with spectacles, fine seals and rings, very fine linen, cambric handkerchief, and a dust of powder in his hair, was a student a few months ago. He then wore Cossac pantaloons, changed his dress thrice a-day, kept horses, broke lamps, beat the town rats, used to be fined weekly, and confined occasionally, wore a new coat every fortnight, frequented all the public places, lived betwixt the taverns and billiard tables, quizzed the professors,

affected to despise study, was always followed by two beautiful dogs, hunted occasionally, shot on the moors annually, ran up and down to London from time to time, in order not to forget what things are ; and in short was the very essence of a fashionable student, the surprise of Edinburgh, and the delight of his fellow-students.

A few weeks, however, before graduation, he disappeared, being in company with his grinder all day, and drunk all night : he gave some grand dinners to the professors, showed himself a dozen times at the lectures, changed his habits for a few days previous to graduation, and came off with

eclat. The necessity of practising physic has reconciled him to what he ridiculed ; and the advantage of humbugging others has made him adopt what he treated as a humbug himself. Mourning, he thinks, gives an air of gravity, and powder an appearance of sagacity : the gold-mounted spectacles enlarge his views ; and the seals make an impression on his lady patients. Thus equipped, he cries to every gay student, the quondam companions of his debauch,

“ *Procul, O! procul, esto profani ;*”

and thus expects to pass current with the ignorant.

Being deficient in some of the most

common and necessary branches of medical knowledge, he stays here a short time after his graduation, just to pick up a mouthful of information, and is then to be launched on the wide world, to practise his deep-read science; but he, like Doctor Solomon, not of Liverpool, but of Jerusalem, is of opinion that

“Much study is a weariness of the flesh.”

Bath will be his first theatre, where he has two strings to his bow, namely, the complaints of his numerous acquaintance, and the chance of prescribing matrimony to some rich demi-rep, to some disappointed dowager, or to some antiquated spinster. Doctor

Novelty is, however, but one amongst many medical beginners of this kind; and his fashion, mildness, dress, address, and affectation, will go a great way to advance him in his profession.

As the student was concluding, I begged to know what a grinder was. He informed me that it was a necessitous good latinist, who attends from time to time the lectures, learns the forms and common-place there, has a good memory, and teaches the student to answer like a parrot the various questions which will be put to him in his examination. He next gleans a few score thesis of past graduates, and makes him up one for any disease which he may chuse to pay for getting

written. He, moreover, brushes up his dormant and almost forgotten latin, or teaches him a handful of entirely new. During this process, he often lives with the student, and gets an excellent livelihood. The name of grinder is derived from giving some degree of acuteness and brightness to the very bluntest, dullest, and most obdurate bodies, to the least keen intellects, and to the most unpolished surfaces.

The Oxonian here observed, that in coming out of the professor's house, he had remarked, prowling about the door, two stoutish men, dressed in black, and shabby in ap-

pearance, endeavouring to speak with several of the guests as they were making their exit. Our friend the student not readily apprehending who they were, the Oxonian remarked, that they seemed partially to know those they endeavoured to address, but that they were evidently most unwelcome intruders, as the persons they spoke to seemed greatly ashamed of them ; yet, if he mistook not, he had, in the brief and hasty replies made to them, heard them called doctors. Here the student laughed heartily, observed that they were two of the most eccentric characters in the metropolis, who, though low in mind, morals, and manners, yet made a perpetual study to intrude themselves into the decentest

society (to which their drollery was sometimes a passport) that would admit them, for the sake of getting "a drap o' whiskey," and who were not deterred by being often turned out. They had been waiting for the purpose of getting some one to take them in to the party. "They are such oddities," said he, "that I must bring you acquainted with both."

THE R——D JOHN TOUCH,

The first, and by far the most respectable of the two, was a high churchman; for we believe, that like the dowager generals, he is pensioned off, and enjoys his *otium* also; but we should premise (not to offend the Pro-

testant interest) by saying, that it is the kirk of Scotland which he served, and very zealously too ; for John whistles, reels, and strathspeys, like a lark, and makes the old wives weep with his moving discourses, so that it is a toss up whether it is “ Come whistle and I’ll come to ye, my lad,” or come preach for the edification of sinners.

John is a right merry companion, which is seldom the case with a Presbyterian parson ; and he tells a good story, and a great many of them ; and John loves his neighbour, and his neighbour’s wife also ; and many a lady has been touched by Mr. Touch’s preaching. But poor Johnny is turning old and poor, and out of fashion, and,

ergo, the old maids say that he is not quite orthodox, and the young ones allege that he is greatly fallen off, and the churchmen say that he is no fit for the pupit at 'a, and that he ought to do no more duty.

So Johnny is laid upon the shelf, in spite of having always been an eloquent preacher, and a charitable man, a grateful-hearted creature, and a merry companion, devoid of trick or prejudice, except to himself; in spite also of his having administered a good deal of spirituous as well as spiritual comfort to his parishioners, whose spirit is generally strong; and, but for the worthy Duke of B——, and the masonic societies, where he stands

high, and from whence he receives much benefit and attention, he would pass by quite unnoticed, and be generally disregarded, even by those who were once warmest in his praise, and contributed most to confirm him in his gay and convivial habits, at which now, with true blue hypocrisy, they pretend to be just affronted and scandalized.

DOCTOR JEMMY CRISPIN,

Whom Doctor Novelty pushed aside, so mortified at being spoken to by such a person, was the second and by far the least respectable of the two.

Although he is not a man of many talents, he is certainly a man of many

trades. Like Dieky Gossip, he may truly sing

“ Then for bleeding and tooth-drawing,

“ Printing, shoe-making, and sawing,

“ Jemmy Crispin, Jemmy Crispin is the man.”

Dicky Gossip's trades were (in the second line) shaving and cabbaging, instead of printing and shoe-making; but although Doctor Crispin took the measure of the foot instead of the body (a lower occupation), yet he was equally well versed in cabbaging in his way.

His first outset was as a shoemaker! but he had not learned the useful proverb so applicable to his trade, namely, “ Ne sutor ultra crepidam;” and he must needs be a---politician!!! He was for cobbling up a new form of

government, which was to put all men on a footing ; he was for putting new upper leathers on our statesmen ; for giving the clergy new soles ; for binding the royal prerogative ; for easing his friends, the raggamuffins ; for stretching democracy to its utmost extent ; for strapping the wealthy, and for standing in their shoes himself.

With these maxims he left the last ; or the last left him ; and he next turned tinman. But if he could not make both ends meet as a shoemaker, how could he expect to thrive as the slight coverer of brass, or as a rubber up of kettles and of saucepans, with nothing but liberty and equality (of property, &c.) in his head.

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He next became a printer's devil. Here he played the devil. After being a pedagogue for a short time, he at last turned doctor!! Through all these vicissitudes did he pass until he got himself established on the basis of ingratitude as one of the faculty!!

It is said that he owes his present popularity with his patients to an assumed fun and good nature—playing with children on the carpet, and joking with sick women on their beds, by being a plaything to the young, and a miserable punning buffoon to the old, by courting the dowager and the whiskey bottle, and prescribing strong waters for female flatulency, by making strong love to the bottle, and cupboard love to

the cook, by ingratiating himself with green sprigs of medicine, and having a lodger or two among them at his house (when he has a house), by assisting them in making their thesis, and by getting his name mentioned by them in print, and thus smuggling a medical reputation.

He is, however, now a famous vamped of constitutions, a fine hand for those who lose leather, a cobbler of cracked concerns; and thus there is no saying to what the healing art will come at last.

CHAPTER V.

Edinburgh High Life.—Localities.—The Theatre.—Edinburgh Criticisms unintelligible to an Englishman.—Of the University.—Of the Students.—Preparations for Lady Ossian's Rout.—Edinburgh Economy.—Miss Prim's Evening Party.

CHAPTER V.

Ridentem dicere verum.—HORAT.

Having [concluded a description of the company which we had met at the professor's the night before, I asked the student many questions concerning the Society, pleasures, and manners of Edinburgh, to which he replied thus : High life is what a man of fashion looks for in every country. You will see a great deal of it in Edinburgh, in one sense, but very little of it in another. The Edinburgians are very fond of high living, as you may conceive by their lodging six or seven pairs of stairs high, and of high stories, and of raising stories as well as reports ; thus they have their

noctes atticæ, and their attic salt, when they have scarcely salt to their porridge. But it is only the middling and lower classes of life who inhabit these sky parlors. The higher classes, however, although not so rich as in England, have their town and country houses, and all live (whilst in Edinburgh) in the new town, where these attic stories are not known.

For a certain season in the year, from June to January, the town is so dull that its inhabitants seem melancholy mad; but from January until May they are stark-staring mad. After Christmas, the great dinners, and great suppers, the great card parties, and great balls, begin; and you have to eat your

way through your acquaintance, and to dance attendance on the ladies, until the dull season returns again. In November there is a little stir in town, as one half of it is composed of lawyers, who then begin to fill their pockets, whilst the other half is made up of their clients, whose fobs gradually empty from that time until the summer, when the town is too hot to hold many of them.

As then there is fashion in every thing, the Edinburgh exquisites scarcely appear until January, and never think of giving entertainments before that period. At their dinners you will experience much hospitality ; at their balls you may, if you chuse, shake yourself to pieces ; for the Scotch ladies are

always in high condition and wind for the dance ; and they'll run you to death if you don't call for quarter. Eleven o'clock is the hour for evening parties ; but exquisites drop in about midnight. Reels are the delight of the Scotch : for the matrons and sober wives are just affronted at the waltzes.

In general our Edinburgh beauties excel in music, in dancing, and in works of ingenuity ; but in revenge for these talents you will scarcely pick up a talent of silver amongst them ; and a man may here, as in Ireland, get a tune on the harpsicord, or a law-suit for his wife's fortune. Golden locks prevail much amongst them ; but it is the only golden article which you will find amongst

numerous long pedigreed families. The fair daughters of Scotia have, in general, larger feet than those of the south: a London elegant might wear these ladies' shoes with ease, which would, you must allow, be standing on an easy footing with the fair. Our belles have clappers considerably louder here than in England; and, on the other hand, you will find beaux who can scarcely say bo to a goose.

The theatre is not worthy of such a town; but the humbler classes of life, who visit the playhouses in London, love *dram-atic* treats of a more *spirited* though cheaper kind. You must expect no small-talk at our balls and routs; for it is all great talk and broad

talk : but whilst we blame these trivialities, we must commend more essential points. The Scotch have a thirst for knowledge, which is generally diffused; and science is no where more cultivated, more brought into life and to light, than in the good town of Edinburgh. You will find a great deal of sterling humour and transcendent ability at the bar. You will meet with deep knowledge and science at our university, and with indefatigable industry every where.

Our students here are very little received in company; first because they are what the ladies call wild; next because they are, in great proportion, Irish; and lastly because they are

neither rich, nor known. If, however, a man of title, fortune, or ministerial interest, should by chance be among them, every door and every hand opens at his approach; and he is to his fellow-students what a guinea is to a provincial note in a foreign country—every one is ready to put him in his heart or in his pocket.

Economy is so much the order of the day in Edinburgh, that Ladies A——, D——, and G——, will unblushingly give their servants an egg a-piece per diem (here the Oxonian interrupted the student, by remarking how light the yoke of servitude must sit on them), or a red herring and some oaten bread, from one week's end to

another, in order to give a party, a ball and supper, or the like ; and on these occasions whole weeks are spent in preparations of ornaments, et cetera, et cetera ; and a legion of waiters and servants out of place are hired to attend on the occasion, many of whom help to pay themselves by pocket handkerchiefs and hats picked up on the ball-night.

In England it is the pride of a fashionable to have a treble row of carriages moving slowly to her house, and to be informed that Lady Margaret Casino's carriage was three hours in getting to her gates. Edinburgh economy does not produce this. The carriages are few ; but a brigade of

hand-barrows, or rather of hackney chairs, forms at the Scottish dame of fashion's rout ; and she is delighted to hear that she has a crowd of pole-ish raggamuffins at her door, quarrelling about their fares.

At a Miss Griselda Prim's rout a very odd exposè occurred. She had pinched her servants into great gentility, and had pressed the hands of her numerous female dancing cousins for three months, in order to furnish decorations and other materials for her midnight party. She had put gay family liveries on half a dozen come by chance servants, whom they did not fit, and who were not in the habit of serving quality. She had, moreover, issued

eards enough to fill her house three times over, whereby she was delighted to see all her acquaintance in a vapour bath, and to press her friends who accepted her invitation. She had taken down her beds, billeted her servants on the public, sitting up herself in a very easy chair, à deux fins, which, like her maid servants, served in a double capacity ; for she told Tibby, her first starved waiting maid, “ Tibby, you may just double up with your cousin, or get a bed wi’ ony body that ye can, for twa nights, whilst we are varnishing and decorating.” She had water-coloured the pannels of her rooms, chalked her floors, and emptied all her friends’ greenhouses, to adorn her apartments, which were laid out with great taste,

and the doors of which were taken off the hinges, and formed into arches, surrounded with all kinds of flowering shrubs. Finding, after all, that the limits of her house were too circumscribed, she determined to fit out her closets with fruits mingled with flowers, and interspersed with refreshments on leaves, and liquors in gilt vases, having little children dressed as cupids, wood nymphs, et cetera, to attend on them. She erected a kind of Turkish tent on the staircase for the music, and, lastly, she hid in a recess a lady cousin, a harp player, whence sweet sounds were to issue, in order to lighten the enchantment of the scene.

The night arrived: every one was

stunned with the knocks at the door : honourables and right honourables, knights and squires, knights followers, and bachelors' companions, were announced by dozens ; when a prying ideot, Sir Win de Bete, who has nothing winning about him but his name, broke down, by his awkwardness, a triumphal arch, capsized a cupid, trod upon a wood nymph, tore a grace's transparent petticoat, uncovered many agreable deceptions, deranged many artful devices, and, finally, unkennelled the fair harper of the bower, who turned out to be seated not in the Temple of Flora, but in one of a very unsavoury goddess, and bearing a far different name. The thing was blown ; the deception was smelt out ; the lady was

playing on a wrong key ; and the key of the temple would have been the best change. The exposè was now general ; the laugh was immoderate ; the transparencies were all seen through ; and the whole ended in the utmost confusion. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

But let us prepare for Lady Urbane's party, where you will see quite another scene. Allons : it is growing late, and my Lord is, as you know, a particular man. "No, hang it," cried our volatile Oxonian, "I am so delighted with Miss Priscilla's rout, that I want to hear more of her."

"Who and what is she?" "A spinster of very high family," replied the

student. She has a small fortune ; and she, like many others, tries to make the most of it. A well-furnished house, a livery servant, a little family plate, and a handsome wardrobe, are obliged to be supported by light diet, starvation of her servants, and by sponging on her relations for six months in the year. During this period, her maids are on board wages, nearly as bare as a board, when they spin, gallant, and have many resources to increase their diet, and to clothe them gaily on the sabbath.

Miss Prim tried in her youth all our watering places ; but, somehow or other, it happened that she never got an offer ; and she now says, in her fiftieth

summer, that she never could bear the idea of changing her condition, and that she prefers living in Scotland to any other part of the globe. How good of her ! She is a constant attendant at all parties, like Miss Myrtle, who is no more an evergreen than her ladyship of a mamma. These drawing-room ornaments are growing very antique ; but they still occupy their usual place like china figures laid literally on the shelf.

I will tell you a fact within my knowledge, to give you an idea of Edinburgh old maidish economy. I heard Miss Myrtle say to a young cousin, “ Just take a glass of wine and water and a biscui for dinner, else your face

will be all flushed when you are dancing." She herself took some water gruel for her frugal repast, because it was not wholesome to eat meat twice a-day ; and her lady mother and family were to sup out that night ! But come, we must away to Lady Urbane's ; and a coach was called accordingly.

CHAPTER VI.

Conversation on the Way to the Party.—
Edinburgh as it was.—Scandal.—A
Whim of Lord Urbane's.—They arrive.
—Outline of the Party.—A promise to
give a History of all the Elite who
were present.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Vires acquirit eundo.”

A LITTLE scandal seems to be the sauce piquante, or seasoning of every man and woman's dish in the present age : no viand will go down without it ; it is the relish of the youthful beau and belle, and the very life and nourishment of the disappointed swain, and of the antiquated tabby ; it circulates in all families, and acquires strength in its course : the very best people in the world who affect to lend every body, have a way of subjoining that *but*, so prejudicial to reputation, and that *they say*, which qualifies the grossest abuse. From this statement, we can the less

wonder that the conversation of our party on the way to Lord Urbane's turned upon this popular topic, and got more animated as the dose of scandal increased.

The student informed us on our road that we should probably meet such and such people at the rout; and that as Lord Urbane had a good deal of family pride about him, he would endeavour to have every peer in town at his party. My Lord, said he, is a queer hand: he loves people of talent much, but people of title more: he likes highly to be quoted as an author or as a wit; but he is still prouder of being named as a man of ancient nobility, or as one allied to the royal family of Scotland—to the

house of Stewart. As to his talents as an author, he is certainly the most liberal one that can be. He wrote a dull moral novel himself; he printed it himself; he published his own good things; he delivered the work himself to his friends; and he himself is the only one who reads it now: thus may he very fairly and not vainly say, *Hæc omnia feci.* (A laugh.)

Edinburgh is, however, very much altered. There were some years ago a great number of elegants and elegantes, who have quited it since: we had the northern duchess, now no more, who used to encourage gambling and late hours to a great extent, and who dealt on single entendre of a most gross kind: as to

double entendre, it would have been chaste conversation to what she and Miss Jacky---(since Mrs. D---) used to sport. You will see plenty about these ladies in a late novel. Oh! apropos, cried our Oxonian, I met the miserable pigeon, her bigamical husband, abroad: he put me in mind of the

sine clunc palumbes,*

described by Horace in Nassidinus's Feast: he was indeed a miserable bird.

Again, continued the student, we had Mrs. Steam, who gave grand parties: she has since evaporated, after vapouring in Edinburgh for a long time, and dancing about whisky frisky, the gayest of the gay: a certain general has married her

* For "clune" imagine *cluny*.

sister, that the Thane of —— may not want heirs. We had also Lady ——, who, whilst her husband was collecting —— abroad, which she considered mere child's play, might say, with Heloisa, "I cannot quite forget myself to stone:" * * * * *

* * * * * We had little Lady —— ——, whose husband was in the navy; and she was so fond of this same husband, that, in his absence, she always took care to have some one to represent him.

By the bye, the D. family are rare shooters of the long bow: a noble emulation existing betwixt the father and his two sons to excel in the art of stretching, they agreed that they should dine

together one day, and that he who should tell the greatest lie should win the dinner and wine, the two brothers started and performed at great length; the father keeping silent all the time. At length one of them says, come, father, it is your turn now; to which the old gentleman coolly replied, "Man, I never told a lie." "You have won the wager," replied both the sons, and they paid the bill accordingly.

Then we had Lady Charlotte ***** the flower of Scotland; and we had a host of dashing Englishmen. We had Lord Moira and his staff, the gay and beautiful Lady Elphinstone, and a long train of beauty and fashion too numerous to mention. But here we are at the

peer's: and you see a great appearance of company. I have given you a sketch of Edinburgh as it was; you will now see it as it is.

We ascended the great staircase, and soon were in the midst of a crowd. The tossing of heads and the nodding of plumes would have made us think that we were in the midst of the feathered tribe; but their voices undeceived us. There was no nightingale there, no linnnet, nor other sweet sounding note of the forest: the parrot and magpie were faithfully imitated; but the confusion of tongues soon proclaimed the species of animals which we were amongst. The black color here predominated amongst the men, for law and physic

had a great share in the company, and the gentlemen of the goose-quill also assumed that sober habit—I mean the authors, scribes, and, if not Pharisees, hypocrites indeed.

I was now presented to Lady Urbane, a very *gentlemanlike* countess. Her ladyship presented my friends and self a card, asking if we would cut in at whist. I accepted her offer; but my Oxonian friend, whose cacoethes for punning was incurable, declined, saying, “If your ladyship will allow me, I will cut the card table altogether, as you have plenty of beaux to cut in, and many by whom I shall be cut out.” Lady Urbane did not admire this cavalier pun; but his lordship, who was

standing by, and who encourages a jeu d'esprit, or even the feeblest attempt at it, tapped him on the shoulder, and nodded applause, raising, as usual, his spectacles, and looking up in our faces.

How he stares at every body!" said the student. "Aye, that's quite right," replied Volatile: "he is afraid of over-looking any one."

There was a host of women in the room, and not a *dumb belle* amongst them. The tittering and lispings, the ogling and chattering, resembled the chirping birds of a wood, where the old birds are collecting their young under their wings, and the young birds are seeking out for mates.

"Who is that proud fair?" said I to

the student. "She is a *nouvelle mariée*," replied he, "who used to have an otter for her favorite, and has now chosen a foreign animal for her husband. I'll tell you all about her when we go home. She refused, it is said, Clarenceux, King at Arms, by way of proclaiming her good taste; and has married the *ci-devant* aide de camp of the soi-disant Emperor Napoleon, by way of raising her fall, and of establishing her patriotism."

"Who is that may-pole of a handsome faced lady with a pocket companion by her side?" inquired the Oxonian. "That is Lady Familiar Longshanks. Her companion is the pocket edition of a husband, an officer of the Scotch Greys." "Yes," replied the other, "you have Scotch Greys of all sizes and sexes, and plenty

of blacks: if we had the bays here we should be complete. But there goes one worthy of the bays. There's W—y S—t. Pray tell me a little more of his biography when we go home; for I am determined to keep it up to-night, as our friend (meaning me) leaves us to-morrow."

"What a fright have we got here!" Is that Bardolph, or the ancient Pistol, or Jack o'lantern, or what?" "It is a general officer. Why he beats Billy C—the alderman: his face is an *aurora borealis*: he is a walking St Anthony's fire. What a dangerous combustible he must be near a powder magazine! What a convenient *portfire* for the artillery! What a *light* to lighten a division of the army on a midnight march

What a saving in coal and candle!" "Hush, hush," said the student: "he is a fighting man, the colonel of a most popular corps, a very worthy fellow, drinks like a fish, and was one of the mutes for a session of parliament." "Oh! he drinks like a fish does he; then I presume it is pure spirit of wine which I see burning, or brandy and blue blazes, prepared for snap dragon. Whenever he goes out, his epitaph ought to be (on removing his corpus) 'burnt out from over the way:'" then turning to a young lady who was listening to him, and laughing at the general's expense: "Pray, ma'am, how should you like the general for your *flame*; for you see he is too red for a spark?" The young lady laughed immoderately. Miss Mary

W—— was her name, since married. Lady Sophia W—— is her mamma; and I'll back her against all England for the volubility of her tongue, and will be bound that her husband will not be allowed more than a silent vote in domestic or other affairs, unless he be a *Petruchio*.

The general officer alluded to was much respected; but for what, we are at a loss to know. He was so much the slave of drink, that when a private of his regiment was tied up to the halberds to be flogged for drunkenness, the poor Scot cried, "Oh! for heaven's sake, dear colonel, tak me doon; I'm no fit to be flogged. I'm just a puir doitit, daised, auld drunken body like

yourself." The general was brought into parliament on the fame of his regiment. What it did in the field is well known, but what he did in the cabinet stands not on record. It is lamentable to see a man of condition, or respectability in life, brought home speechless by a chairman, or put to bed by his landlady, nightly, until the lamp of life burn out, and leave nothing but an offensive smell, and a dense vapour, to prove its former existence. Such, however, was General D——. Such was General Me D——, who, although endowed with military talents, with which General D—— cannot be reproached, hid his talent under a barrel, could not be trusted or employed, and was more known in the cellars of Edinburgh, deep

recesses of other vices, besides intoxication, and the sinks of reputation and of health. Yet both these gentlemen were called good fellows; although the former had but two ideas, viz. hunger and thirst; and the latter (when tipsey) would quarrel with his best friend; and as he was in bed one half of the day, and in liquor the other half, what good could be expected from him? A sensualist or a sot, a brothel brawler, or a second Timocreon of Rhodes, may consider this interregnum of short lived and imperfect reason as the “*jucunda oblivia vitæ;*” but certainly it is not less a dreadful debasement of humanity, a scandalous brutalizing of intellect, a suicidal destruction of manhood. Yet brighter and abler than these two

generals fell in the same way. The amiable Colonel C—, Sir Alexander M. D—d L—k—t, M. P. an able law-lord, poor Peter H—y—n, with many other victims of self immolation, who dedicated their lives to the bottle, to broad grins, to broad Scotch, and to broad-day depravity. It is, however, but justice to say that the Edinburgians do not live quite so hard as they used to do, although there are many of the old set going on in the old way. How sincerely does Bess D—, Mrs. Q—, and others, regret the good old times, and the good old generals!

I next inquired the name of a fat portly man, standing next Lady Urbane. I was informed that it was Professor

B—. “He is a clergyman,” added the student. “And who is the layman, or rather *lame man* next him?” added our merry friend. “That is a very able lawyer,” added he, “Johnny C---k.” “I should have taken him for a *leg*,” replied t’other. “He is going to give a grand ball,” added the former. “Then perhaps he will ask me to his hop,” replied the latter.

My young friend now amused us by repeating the two last verses of a song, made on the acquittal of the late Lord M---le, who used to be called by the aptiministerialists the King of Scotland. The occasion of my friend’s repeating these lines was, the student

having counted sixteen Dundasses and twelve Hopes in the room. What a hopeful country !

The two last verses run as follows.

Hopes and Dundasses, you're here, faith, by
dozens !

Welcome half-brothers and seventeenth cousins !
We'll may ye drink to him. Once ye went
barely ;

But ye now, in snug places, sing hoolly and
fairly.

τ

He needs have a lang spoon who sups wi' the
deel, man ;

He needs have a tight grip to grapple an eel, man.
Then a fig for the brewer and likewise for
Chairley :

He has slipp'd through their fingers, boys, hool-
ly and fairly.

When the laugh which these lines

occasioned was over we peeped into the dancing room, where the youth of both sexes were dancing with all their hearts. I admired some of the very active steps of the highland fling; but the most attractive figure in the ball-room was a lady who was pointed out to me as the Honorable Miss Stanhope. She outshone the whole of the other luminaries of beauty, as Jupiter outshines in the vaulted clouds the satellites which surround him. She appeared a planet of the very first refulgence: her vivacity, her wit, her ease, and elegance, attracted a crowd of admirers: every minor star seemed delighted to twinkle and to revolve around her. The Oxonian was completely dazzled by her attractions: or, to use his own words,

“Obstupuit primo aspectu.” He soon approached nearer, and made fierce love to her; but she had such a bulwark of lords and commoners round her, that she was impenetrable to his attacks.

The soi-disant Honorable Frederic Wildbone was close by her side, evidently one of her *amans à titre*. Lord *Maurviston*, with his decorations, (and whom the Oxonian called the Polar Star) was next; but Lord Stone appeared to stand highest in her estimation, and to be the load-stone which drew her attention most. The Oxonian attempted to bring her into action, by a demonstration, or *fausse attaque*; but she soon silenced his artillery, and made

him draw off his forces. The other ladies were belaced, befeathered, and beribboned, from the bottom of their petticoats to the crowns of their heads : those who wore mourning were over head and ears in love ; those who wore wigs were over head and ears in debt, (as Mr. Urquhart's fancy hair warehouse ledger will prove) : the rest were over head and ears in ribbons and finery. Our punster observed how many strings these ladies have to their beaux ; and, turning to Miss S. whose drapery was quite plain, added, that she who deserved to have most bows (or rather beaux) at her feet, had none. To which she replied, that she did not want a beau, and if she did, his was not the bow to hit her fancy, or to touch

her heart. This was beyond a parry; so observing, *tant pis*, and adding in a disappointed tone

“Non semper ferat quod cunque minabitur arcus,”

he retreated, and whispered me, that he did not like her at all.

Now as the Honorable Miss Stanhope is to be our future heroine, I request the reader to keep his eye upon her through the rest of the book. The *pseudo* Honorable Frederic Wildbone will also figure in future. Therefore we shall get away from the rout, in order to make room for them: and we shall introduce them as soon as consistent with our other arrangements.

We were now about to take our leave. The last persons we saw in the room were the lord provost, a volunteer colonel, a volunteer major, two authors *minorum gentium*, and a celebrated dentist. Such is Lord Urbane's love for men of talent that every body celebrated in their line is welcome to his house. The lord provost is the highest civic character: the volunteer officers were noted for their patriotism: the minor authors were the flatterers of the peer, and were considered by him as his shades, whilst his protective patronage constituted him their Mecænas, and they formed together "Mecænas et umbras:" and, finally, the dentist was celebrated in his way. I cannot, by the bye, have a better opportunity of

observing that, during the great rage militaire, or the volunteer fever, the principal corps were thus commanded: One by a coachmaker: it was famous at a *wheel*—one by a lawyer Hope: it was famous at a *charge*—one by a nabob, the lieutenant-colonel resembling a turtle; and this corps had a very *veteran* appearance—one (the chairman's corps) was commanded by a highland chief; but, on account of the majority of chairmen in the ranks, it was nicknamed the *pole-ish* guards---a provincial corps was commanded by a baker, and the officers were all *cakes*.

CHAPTER VII.

Scottish Importance.—More Edinburgh
Manners and Customs.—The Talent,
Merit, and Ornaments of Science, in
Scotland.

CHAPTER VII.

Tal paëse tal usanza.

Chaque päys a son usage.

ON our road home we remarked the particularities of Edinburgh. What redundances in the way of quality !— what amplifications of commoners into titled men. We heard the most high-sounding names given to simple, very simple misters ; and often they were called by their *nom de terre*. There was Baisdale, and Shawfield, and Woodside, and Craigieburn, and Clan Alpine, and Glen Morrison, cum multis aliis ; and there was Duncan Cameron of Lochiel, and Ronald Mc. Donald of Clan Ronald, and Gregor Mc. Gregor of

Castle Gregor, and Alister Mc. Alister, of Strath Alister, et cetera, et cetera. Then there were law-lords, and lawless or outlawed lords ; barons of Exchequer with their lady barons, and baronets bare enough, and highland titles and dormant titles (never amongst the ladies); in short, every title counted, not forgetting the professors, and *ministers*, (not of state, nor of light) but of the Gospel, and of annubilation ; and, again, there were the Bailies, and the Bailies' wives, the magistrates and toon cooncil ; in fine, there was no end to the gold chain of the former, nor to the chain of the discourse of the latter ; and no bounds to supporters, devices, and family pride, often with nothing but devices to support either. The *chain*, however, is ap-

plicable enough to the magistracy where very little freedom of political opinion exists, the city motto being—"Nisi dominus frustra," i. e. there's nae gude to be dune withoot a lord!

Every body almost is called by a nom de terre, or the name of an estate, be it but half a dozen acres of potatoe and cabbage ground, or a house two stories high, standing by itself. There is Mr. Whitehill, Mr. Fairfield, Mr. Green-side, Mr. Burnside, Mrs. Bighouse, (a fat lady whose title might be mistaken for something else,) and there's a General Mahogany, and there was a Killbackey, and a Tullochgorum, a Stonefield, Eskgrove, not to forget Mr. I——, of *Stow*, or of *Stew*.

Even the progeny of these grandees have their titles specified, although they are greatly fallen off from the original stock. In consequence there is young Stew, and young Bighouse, and young Gayfield, and young Brickfield, et cetera, like the Messieurs De La Rue, De la Haie, De la Grange, Dubois, and de la Porte of France, gentlemen whose importance has been raked out of the *street*, out of the *hedge*, out of the *barn*, out of the *wood*, nay even turned *out of doors*.

Another subject of conversation was, the high estimation in which the Caledonians hold the term of wife. It is so sacred a name with them, that a single man must be very cautious how he uses

it to a single woman; else may she make him prove his words, since *consensu non concubitu* is Scotch law; since Mr. D—r—ple is found to be legally married without a parson; since a magistrate can furnish marriage *lines*, which *noose* a fellow as tightly as all the special licenses in Europe. If a man take a liberty in *terra Scotorum*, it is as good as a license; and if he call a woman his wife, she may claim him as her husband, so easy is the wedlock tie in the north, and so averse are they to religious ceremonies in and out of their churches. *Sans ceremonie* is their plan, or, as the Spaniards say,

Entre amigos honrados

Cumplimientos son escusados.

Furthermore, the term of wife is so

universally esteemed, that they have wives of every description, class, cast, and denomination. There are fish-wives, (queer fish enough) and salt wives, (salt and dirty enough) and water wives, (neither Naiades nor Nereides), and market wives, (not over marketable), and Pig wives,* (not of the swinish herd) and auld wives, and married wives, (plainly shewing that *wife* and *married*

* Pig wives, or rather peg wives, are not females who vend swine, although you hear of a brown pig, and of a black pig, and of a white pig. These pigs, however, strange to tell, are articles of earthenware, sold by travelling women, and are very *handy*. Whilst on the subject of pigs, it would be advisable for the stranger not to buy Edinburgh swine; the *fattest* however are *sleep walkers* in the Cannongate, and *inspectors* of the *hospital* stores. The reader may however judge whether they are the most cleanly, and can decide whether to give the preference to the penny pie-man, or to the bacon man, and form his taste accordingly. Chaeun a son gout—but this is certainly a *mauvais* gout.

are not synonymous terms), and washer wives, the cleanest of the whole lot.

But, whilst we, for truth and mirth sake, enumerate the local singularities and prejudices of Edinburgh; whilst we notice the *immundicity* of the old town, and the penny-pieman vending the haunch of a terrier, or the pettoe of puss, in guise of the *vrai mouton*;—whilst the accommodating caddies mislead a youth to strange shops; whilst a professor is but a student, and a student a great professor; whilst *auld reekie* is the *sweetest* town in Christendom to a *native*, and the most unsavoury in the universe to a stranger; whilst the Highland lairds wear the petticoat, and the Highland ladies wear the breeches;

finally, whilst Doctor Johnson, Johnny Wilkes, and Mrs. Hamilton, cut up their manners and customs, and the Cottage of Glenburnie and Mrs. Mc. Clarty are rendered immortal in the annals of satire and of veracity—whilst this is the case, the laurel, the palm, the bays, and the myrtle, are most justly due to *cauld*, but virtuous, brave, wise, loyal, and illustrious Scotia—to Scotia, whose *sofis* have stemmed the torrent and have braved the storm for their country's weal—to Scotia, whose brave highlanders and lowlanders have covered her standards with glory, whose gallant and noble blood has given a richer lustre and a deeper hue to the red-cross of Britain, the flag which shone like a meteor, blazed like a flame of glory to

light her children to the paths of honor and of renown—to Scotia, whose border lyre, and whose highland pipe, have breathed in poetry the purest and most mellifluous notes, whose minstrel lay captivates and delights the stranger, as well as the inhabitant of the purple heath, whose troubadours, not less poetical and chivalrous than the bards of old, have spread a magic over their countrymen, capable of ennobling the humblest heart, of exalting the most dormant spirit, of nerving the feeblest hand of age, and of doubly invigorating the aspiring arm of youth—of Scotia, who has produced (not to mention her admirable poets already named) men of the first talent in science, in law, in medicine, in church and in state—in every

department imaginable—a Hume, Robertson, an Erskine, a Stuart, a Cullen, and a Hunter, both of the latter' of whom sprung from obscurity into the immortality of fame, and from keeping a petty drug shop, to leaving imperishable works and a respectable fortune, both benefiting their profession in the highest degree, and the latter bequeathing a museum, which has been purchased by government for sixteen thousand pounds! The laurel well becomes a Duncan, a Lynedock, a Baird, and a legion of others; nor is the myrtle to be denied to the fairer sex, who have smoothed the furrow of care to the wounded warrior, and have been the blest reward of many a hot field, and of many a hard day.

• We now reached our hotel, and supped together. I was to depart the next day : but I was induced to stay until the afternoon, in order to witness the ceremony of the graduation of a number of medical students, to which our intelligent friend introduced us. The morning was fine, and I accompanied my friend to the college, which, when completed, will be a superb building. We entered the library, and witnessed the examination, and the ceremony of conferring the degree. Here my friend observed that Montesquieu was right in saying that nothing was a greater hindrance to science than the cloathing every thing with the doctorial cloak, for that “the men who were always teaching were a great impediment to learning.

We now saw students of all countries, colours, and appearances, Scotch, English, Irish, Portuguese, American, and from the Indies. You might perceive the chalky phiz of a Londoner stuck by the side of a *fuscus hydaspes*, or of a *Scipio Africanus*, all bent however upon the same end, namely, *living* by the complaints of others. There were native, foreign, and auxiliary troops, all going to take the field, armed with lancet and with pill, with potion and with powder, to encounter the *patients* of the land, and to render them tributary to their power. Paddy Ball was the first who took his degree. "Oh! *murder!*" cried a countryman. Next came a strutting doctor. "I hope," cried our rattle, "that he is not to be an *accoucheur*; he is so

unfortunate in *his delivery*." Next came a tight little Londoner, just fit for a *pill box*. Next a *black*! what a gloomy prospect for a dying man! An American next, with whom the patients might as well pass a *non-intercourse bill*, though doubtless he may be very useful to the *United States*. We are now at leave of college, our Oxonian class being

“Throw physic to the dogs. I hate of it.”

SHAKESPEARE.

We then took some refreshment at the student's lodging, which I shall pass over in silence at present, as the topic of lodging houses will hereafter be introduced. After this, I ordered my chaise, and departed full of admiration for the Scottish capital, in spite of the mutton pies, water wives, Cannongate

filth, and of a few other oddities unnecessary to mention.

Adieu, mes amis ! — I am gone: it will no longer be I, but they, or her, the heroine of the tale. Whether I thrive or get married, or whether I go to pot and die for the love of the eloistered fair in a far distant land, will not be recorded in this book. A new story and a new plan, await ye. Farewell, gentle reader: iterum, iterumque vale.

Previous to the separation of the party, the student had to make good his promise of describing the company who were at Lord Urbane's, which he accordingly did; but, as we find the same persons, amongst many others,

present at Lord Ossian's route, we till
' then defer our account of them.

ERRATA—Humanum est errare.

As there are errors of omission, as well as of commission, I beg pardon of the following persons for not having made them appear *as large as life*, they must therefore accept of a small miniature, or of *a shade* for likeness, to wit:—When I mentioned all the *Hopes* of Edinburgh, I ought, at the same time, to have taken notice of all the *Woods*: they are much more numerous than the trees about the city, there being whole parks without a single tree; for instance, the King's Park. The old

Woods were substantial plain articles enough ; the *chips* of the *old blocks* are less so. I also beg pardon for not remarking, amongst the very few carriages of Edinburgh, those of the two learned professions, which form the far greater number thereof, the law vehicles, and the physie machines of the town, or the travelling conveyances of the *blue bag*, and of the *blue pill*. Conspicuous amongst these are the mercurial box of Johnny B——, the yellow basilicon article of Dr. T——n, the Cantharides chariot of Surgeon W——, and the rhubarb-coloured carriage of Dr. H——, which *goes through the town* every day. Some of their crests and mottos are admirable ; for instance, a death's head to one ; and a wave of the sea to another,

'—motto, "*Agitatione purgatur.*" Although I have not named these worthies, nor Mr. H—, the attorney, with his *brown* wife and his *white* carriage, about which there was a law suit, nor the in folio Mrs. Elephant, who lives at a card table, nor the numerous maiden aunts, and poor cousins of the nobility, I certainly have not *forgotten* them: a want of room alone was the cause, as the more prominent characters must occupy a certain space: they may nevertheless be assured of my perfect consideration.

